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28

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28

PLAYS.

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TO THE

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OF

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IN VERSES

AND
BY

THE
WORKS
OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,
EARL of MULGRAVE,
MARQUIS of NORMANBY,
And DUKE of
BUCKINGHAM.

VOL. I. *Containing his Poetical works.*

*Nec Phoebo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi que Vari praecripisit pagina nomen. VIRG.*



Printed for JOHN BARBER,
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M. DCC. XXVI.

28



TO
THE MEMORY OF
JOHN SHEFFIELD
DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

THESE

HIS MORE LASTING REMAINS
(*THE MONUMENT OF HIS MIND,*
AND MORE PERFECT IMAGE OF HIMSELF)

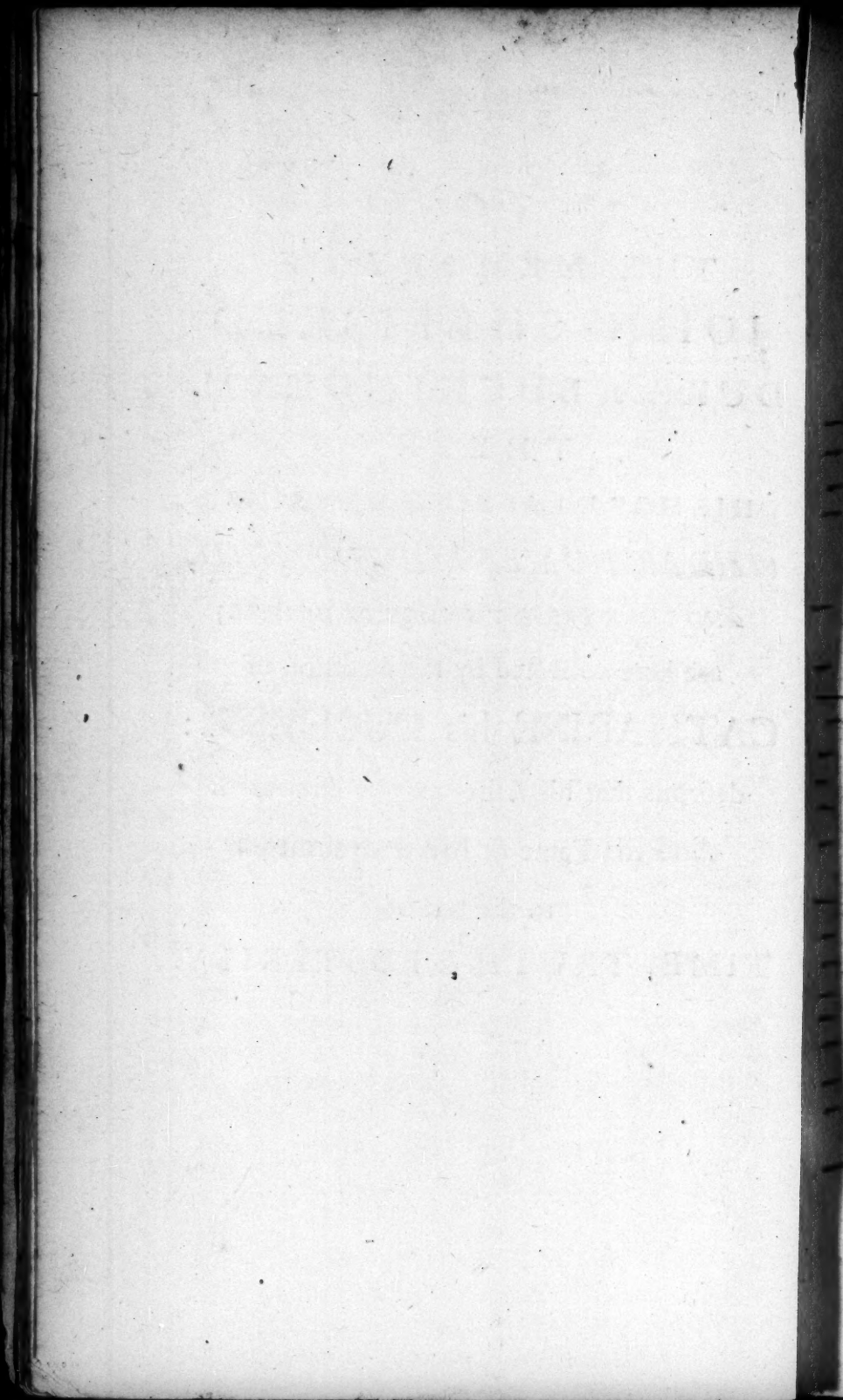
are here collected by the direction of
CATHARINE his DUCHESS:

desirous that his Ashes may be honoured,

And his Fame & Merit committed

to the test of

TIME, TRUTH & POSTERITY.



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THE
TEMPLE
OF DEATH.

In Imitation of the French.

IN those cold climates, where the Sun ap-
pears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A dismal vale lies in a desert isle,
On which indulgent Heav'n did never smile.
There a thick grove of aged cypress trees,
Which none without an awful horror sees,
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-presaging birds receives.
Poisons are all the plants that soil will bear,
And winter is the only season there.
Millions of graves o'erspread the spacious field,
And springs of blood a thousand rivers yield;
Whose streams, oppress'd with carcasses and bones,
Instead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.

Within this vale a famous Temple stands,
Old as the World it self, which it commands:

VOL. I.

A

Round

2 T H E T E M P L E

Round is its figure ; and four iron gates
 Divide mankind , by order of the Fates.
 Thither in crouds come to one common grave,
 The young , the old , the Monarch, and the Slave. 20
 Old age and pains , those evils man deplores ,
 Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors ;
 All clad in mournfull blacks , which sadly load
 The sacred walls of this obscure abode :
 And tapers , of a pitchy substance made , 25
 With clouds of smoke increase the dismal shade.

A Monster void of reason and of sight ,
 The Goddess is , who sways this realm of night :
 Her pow'r extends o'er all things that have breath ,
 A cruel Tyrant , and her name is DEATH. 30
 The fairest object of our wondring eyes ,
 Was newly offer'd up her sacrifice ;
 Th'adjoining places where the altar stood ,
 Yet blushing with the fair *Almeria's* blood.
 When griev'd *Orontes* , whose unhappy flame 35
 Is known to all who e'er converse with Fame ,
 His mind possess'd by fury and despair ,
 Within the sacred Temple made this prayer.

Great Deity ! who in thy hands do'st bear
 That iron scepter which poor mortals fear ; 40
 Who wanting eyes thy self , respectest none ,
 And neither spar'st the Laurel , nor the Crown !
 O thou , whom all mankind in vain withstand ,
 Each of whose blood must one day stain thy hand !
 O thou , who , ev'ry eye that sees the light , 45
 Closest for ever in the shades of night !
 Goddess attend , and hearken to my grief ,
 To which thy pow'r alone can give relief.

Alas,

O F D E A T H.

3

Alas, I ask not to defer my fate,
But with my hapless life a shorter date, 50

And that the earth would in its bowels hide
A wretch, whom Heav'n invades on ev'ry side:
That from the sight of day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.

Thou only comforter of minds oppress'd; 55

The port where weary'd spirits are at rest;

Conductor to *Elysium*, take my life;

My breast I offer to thy sacred knife:

So just a grace refuse not, nor despise

A willing, tho' a worthless sacrifice. 60

Others, (their frail and mortal state forgot,)

Before thy altars are not to be brought

Without constraint; the noise of dying rage,

Heaps of the slain of ev'ry sex and age,

The blade all reeking in the gore it shed, 65

With sever'd heads and arms confus'dly spread;

The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,

The groans of wretches ready to expire:

This tragick scene in terror makes them live,

Till that is forc'd, which they should freely give;

Yielding unwillingly what Heav'n will have, 71

Their fears eclipse the glory of their grave:

Before thy face they make indecent moan,

And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one;

Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breast 75

And he a murderer who was a Priest.

But against me thy strongest forces call,

And on my head let all the tempest fall;

No mean retreat shall any weakness show,

But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow; 80

A 2

My

4 THE TEMPLE

My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
 Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
 Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,
 That universal cure for ev'ry grief,
 Whose aid so many Lovers oft have found 85
 With like success can ever heal my wound:
 Too weak the pow'r of Nature, or of Art
 Nothing but death can ease a broken heart.
 And that thou may'st behold my helpless state,
 Learn the extremest rigour of my fate. 90

Amidst th'innumerable beauteous train,
Paris, the Queen of Cities, does contain,
 (The fairest town, the largest, and the best)
 The fair *Almeria* shin'd above the rest.
 From her bright eyes to feel a hopeless flame 95
 Was of our youth the most ambitious aim;
 Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
 She made a Prince whene'er she made a Slave.
 Love, under whose tyrannick pow'r I groan,
 Shewd' me this Beauty e're 'twas fully blown; 100
 Her tim'rous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
 Their first assurance from my conquest took;
 By wounding me she learn'd the fatal art,
 And the first sigh she had was from my heart:
 My eyes with tears moist'ning her snowy arms, 105
 Render'd the tribute owing to her charms.
 But, as I soonest of all mortals paid
 My vows, and to her beauty altars made;
 So, among all those slaves that sigh'd in vain,
 She thought me only worthy of my chain. 110
 Love's heavy burden my submissive heart
 Endur'd not long, before she bore her part;

My

My violent flame melted her frozen breast,
 And in soft sighs her pity she express'd ;
 Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains , 115
 And her fair hands sustain'd me in my chains :

85 Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan ,
 And tender looks were cast on me alone .
 My hopes and dangers were less mine than hers ,
 Those fill'd her soul with joys, and these with fears :
 Our hearts united had the same desires , 121
 And both alike burn'd with impatient fires .

90 Too faithfull memory ! I give thee leave
 Thy wretched master kindly to deceive ;
 Oh , make me not possessor of her charms , 125

Let me not find her languish in my arms ;
 Past joys are now my fancy's mournfull themes ;
 95 Make all my happy nights appear but dreams :
 Let not such bliss before my eyes be brought ;
 O hide those scenes from my tormenting thought ;
 And in their place disdainfull beauty show ; 131

100 If thou would'st not be cruel , make her so :
 And , something to abate my deep despair ,
 O let her seem less gentle , or less fair .

But I in vain flatter my wounded mind , 135
 Never was Nymph so lovely , or so kind :

105 No could repulses my desires suppress'd ,
 I seldom sigh'd but on *Almeria's* breast :
 Of all the passions which mankind destroy ,
 I only felt excess of love and joy : 140

Unnumber'd pleasures charm'd my sense , and they
 Were , as my love , without the least allay .

110 As pure , alas ! but not so sure to last ,
 For , like a pleasing dream , they all are past .

6 THE TEMPLE

From Heav'n her beauties like fierce light'nings came
 Which break through darkness with a glorious flame;
 A while they shine, a while our minds amaze, 147
 Our wond'ring eyes are dazled with the blaze;
 But thunder follows, whose resistless rage
 None can withstand, and nothing can aswage; 150
 And all that light which those bright flashes gave
 Serves only to conduct us to our grave.

When I had just begun love's joys to taste
 (Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)
 A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought 155
 The richest work that ever Nature wrought.
 All things below, alas, uncertain stand;
 The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand:
 Under this law both Kings and Kingdoms bend,
 And no beginning is without an end. 160
 A sacrifice to Time, Fate dooms us all,
 And at the Tyrant's feet we daily fall:
 Time, whose bold hand will bring alike to dust,
 Mankind, and Temples too in which they trust.

Her wasted spirits now begin to faint, 165
 Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
 And in her heart as in a tort remains;
 But yields at last to her resistles pains.
 Thus while the fever, am'rous of his prey,
 Through all her veins makes his delightfull way, 170
 Her fate's like *Semele's*, the flames destroy
 That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
 Her charming face is in its spring decay'd
 Pale grow the roses, and the lillies fade;
 Her skin has lost that lustre which surpass'd 175
 The Sun's, and well deserv'd as long to last:

Her

O F D E A T H.

7

Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts
 Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts;
 Those stars now heavily and slowly move;
 And sickness triumphs in the throne of love: 180
 The fever ev'ry moment more prevails,
 Its rage her body feels, and tongue bewails:
 She, whose disdain so many Lovers prove,
 Sighs now for torment, as they sigh for love,
 And with loud cries which rend the neighb'ring air,
 Wounds my sad heart, and wakens my despair. 186
 Both men and Gods I charge now with my loss,
 And, wild with grief, my thoughts each other cross;
 My heart and tongue labour in both extremes,
 This sends up humble prayers, while that blasphemés
 I ask their help, whose malice I defy, 191
 And mingle sacrilege with piety.
 But that which must yet more perplex my mind,
 To love her truly, I must seem unkind:
 So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears, 195
 I must restrain unruly floods of tears.
 My eyes and tongue put on dissembling forms,
 I shew a calmness in the midst of storms;
 I seem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
 And almost dead with grief, discover none. 200
 But who can long deceive a loving eye,
 Or with dry eyes behold his mistress die?
 When passion had with all its terrors brought
 Th'approaching danger nearer to my thought,
 Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise, 205
 And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping eyes:
 My apprehensions now no more confin'd,
 Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind,

§ THE TEMPLE

The fair afflicted soon perceives my tears, 209
 Explains my sighs, and thence concludes my fears:
 With sad presages of her hopeless case,
 She reads her fate in my dejected face;
 Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
 While I am sensible of her's alone;
 Each does the other's burden kindly bear, 215
 I fear her death, and she bewails my fear:
 Tho' thus we suffer under Fortune's darts,
 'Tis only those of Love which reach our hearts.

Mean while the fever mocks at all our fears,
 Grows by our sighs, and rages at our tears: 220
 Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
 Like wind and oil increase the fatal fire.

Almeria then, feeling the Destinies
 About to shut her lips and close her eyes;
 Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling hand, 225
 And with these words I scarce could understand,
 Her passion in a dying voice express'd,
 Half, and her sigh's alas! made out the rest.

'Tis past; this pang---Nature gives o'er the strife;
 Thou must thy Mistress lose, and I my life. 230
 I die; but dying thine, the Fates may prove
 Their conquest over me, but not my love;
 Thy memory, my glory, and my pain,
 In spite of death it self shall still remain.
 Dearest *Orontes*, my hard fate denies 235
 That Hope is the last thing which in us dies: (fled,
 From my griev'd breast all those soft thoughts are
 And Love survives it, tho' my Hope is dead;
 I yield my life, but keep my passion yet,
 And can all thoughts but of *Orontes* quit; 240

My

O F D E A T H.

9

My flame increases as my strength decays;
 Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raise;
 That still remains, tho' I from hence remove;
 I lose my Lover, but I keep my Love. 244

The sigh which sent forth that last tender word,
 Up tow'rds the heav'ns like a bright meteor soar'd;
 And the kind Nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
 Fell cold and breathless in her Lover's arms:

Goddeſs, who now my fate haſt underſtood;
 Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood: 250
 Here let me end the ſtory of my cares,
 My diſmal grief enough the reſt declares.
 Judge thou by all this miſery diſplay'd,
 Whither I ought not to implore thy aid:
 Thus to ſurvive, reproaches on me draws, 255
 Never ſad wiſhes had ſo juſt a cauſe.

Come then, my only hope; in ev'ry place
 Thou viſiteſt, men tremble at thy face,
 And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
 Fall on a Swain that does the blow demand. 260
 Vouchſafe thy dart; I need not one of thoſe,
 With which thou do'ſt unwilling Kings depoſe:
 A welcome death the ſlighteſt wound can bring,
 And free a ſoul already on her wing.
 Without thy aid, moſt miſerable I 265
 Muſt ever wiſh, yet not obtain to die.



ODE ON LOVE.

I.

L Et others Songs or Satires write,
 Provok'd by vanity or spite;
 My Muse a nobler cause shall move,
 To sound aloud the praise of Love:
 That gentle, yet resistless heat
 Which raises man to all things good & great:
 While other passions of the mind
 To low brutality debase mankind,
 By Love, we are above our selves refin'd.
 Oh Love, thou trance divine, in which the soul, 10
 Unclogg'd with worldly cares, may range without
 controll; (teach
 And soaring to her heav'n, from thence inspir'd can
 High mysteries, above poor Reason's feeble reach.

2.

To weak old age prudence some aid may prove,
 And curb those appetites that faintly move;
 But wild, impetuous youth is tam'd by nothing less
 than Love.
 Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,
 Love's power can penetrate the hardest hearts;
 And through the closest pores a passage find,
 Like that of light, to shine all o'er the mind. 20
 The want of Love does both extremes produce;
 Maids are too nice, and men as much too loose;
 While equal good an am'rous couple find,
 She makes him constant, and he makes her kind.

SONGS & VERSES.

II

New charms in vain a Lover's faith would prove;
 Hermits or bed-rid men they'll sooner move:
 The fair inveigler will but sadly find,
 There's no such Eunuch as a man in love.
 But when by his chaste Nymph embrac'd,
 (For Love makes all embraces chaste) 30
 Then the transported creature can
 Do wonders, and is more than man.
 Both heav'n and carth would our desires confine;
 But yet in vain both heav'n and earth combine,
 Unless where Love blesses the great design. }
 Hymen makes fast the hand, but Love the heart;
 He the fool's God, thou Nature's Hymen art;
 Whose laws once broke, we are not held by force
 But the false breach it self is a divorce.

3.

For Love the miser will his Gold despise, 40
 The false grow faithfull, and the foolish wise;
 Cautious the young, and complaisant the old,
 The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.
 Thou glorious Sun within our souls;
 Whose influence so much controuls; 45
 Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,
 Quicken'd by thee, more lively move,
 And if their heads but any substance hold,
 Love ripens all that dross into the purest Gold.

In Heav'n's great work thy part is such, 50
 That master-like thou giv'st the last great touch,
 To Heav'n's own master-piece of man;
 And finishest what Nature but began:
 Thy happy stroke can into softness bring
 Reason, that rough and wrangling thing. 55
 From

From childhood upwards we decay,
 And grow but greater children ev'ry day :
 To Reason how can we be said to rise ? }
 So many cares attend the being wise, } 60
 'Tis rather falling down a precipice.
 From sense to Reason unimprov'd we move ;
 We only then advance when Reason turns to Love.

4.

Thou reignest o'er our earthly Gods ;
 Uncrown'd by thee their other Crowns are loads ;
 One Beauty's smile their meanest Courtier brings
 Rather to pity than to envy Kings ; 66
 His fellow slaves he takes them now to be,
 Favour'd by Love perhaps much less than he.

For Love, the tim'rous bashfull maid
 Of nothing but denying is afraid ; 70

For Love she overcomes her shame,
 Forsakes her fortune, and forgets her fame ;
 Yet if but with a constant Lover blest,
 Thanks heav'n for that, and never minds the rest.

5.

Love is the salt of life ; a higher taste 75
 It gives to pleasure, and then makes it last.
 Those slightest favours which cold Nymphs dis-
 pense

Mere common counters of the sense,
 Defective both in mettle and in measure,
 A Lover's fancy coins into a treasure. 80
 How vast the subject ! what a boundless store }
 Of bright ideas, shining all before }
 The Muses fight, forbids me to give o'er ! }

But

SONGS & VERSES.

13

But the kind God incites us various ways,
And now I find him all my ardour raise,
His precepts to perform, as well as praise.

85

ELEGY to the *Duchess of R...*

Thou lovely slave to a rude Husbands will
By Nature us'd so well, by him so ill!
For all that grief we see your mind endure,
Your glass presents you with a pleasing cure;
Those maids you envy for their happier state, 5
To have your form, would gladly have your fate;
And of like slavery each wife complains,
Without such beauty's help to bear her chains.
Husbands like him we every where may see,
But where can we behold a Wife like thee? 10

While to a Tyrant you by fate are ty'd,
By Love you tyrannize o'er all beside:
Those eyes, tho' weeping, can no pity move;
Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love!
You while so fair (do Fortune what she please) 15
Can be no more in pain, than we at ease:
Unless unsatisfied with all our vows,
Your vain ambition so unbounded grows,
That you repine a Husband should escape
Th' united force of such a face and shape. 20
If so, alas, for all those charming pow'rs,
Your case is just as desperate as ours.
Expect that Birds should only sing to you;
And, as you walk, that every tree should bow;
Expect those statues as you pass should burn; 25
And that with wonder men should statues turn;

Such

Such beauty is enough to give things life,
 But not to make a Husband love his Wife :
 A Husband , worse than statues , or than trees ;
 Colder than those , less sensible than these.
 Then from so dull a care your thoughts remove ,
 And waste not sighs you only owe to love. 31
 'Tis pity , sighs from such a breast should part ,
 Unless to ease some doubtfull Lover's heart ;
 Who dies because he must too justly prize
 What yet the dull possessor does despise. 35
 Thus precious Jewels among Indians grow ,
 Who , nor their use , nor wondrous value know ;
 But we for those bright treasures tempt the main ,
 And hazard life for what the fools disdain.

A Letter from S E A.

FAirest , if time and absence can incline
 Your heart to wand'ring thoughts no more than
 mine ;
 Then shall my hand , as changeless as my mind ,
 From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find ;
 Then , while this note my constancy assures , 5
 You'll be almost as pleas'd , as I with yours.
 And trust me , when I feel that kind relief ,
 Absence it self a while suspends its grief :
 So may it do with you , but straight return ;
 For , it were cruel not sometimes to mourn 10
 His fate , who this long time he keeps away ,
 Mourns all the night , and sighs out all the day ;
 Grieving yet more , when he reflects that you
 Must not be happy , or must not be true.

But

SONGS & VERSES.

15

But since to me it seems a blacker fate
To be inconstant, than unfortunate;
Remember all those Vows between us past,
When I from all I value parted last;
May you alike with kind impatience burn;
And something miss, till I with joy return;
And soon may pitying heav'n that blessing give,
As in the hopes of that alone I live.

20

Love's Slavery

G Rave fops my envy now beget,
Who did my pity move;
They by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, because they are
By that defect secure,
From slavery and toils of war,
Which all the rest endure.

5

So I, who suffer cold neglect,
And wounds from *Celia's* eyes,
Begin extremely to respect
These fools that seem so wise.

10

Tis true, they fondly set their hearts
On things of no delight;
To pass all day for men of parts
They pass alone the night.

15

But *Celia* never breaks their rest,
Such servants she disdains;

And

And so the fops are dully blest,
While I endure her chains.

THE DREAM.

Ready to throw me at the feet
Of that fair Nymph whom I adore,
Impatient those delights to meet,
Which I enjoy'd the night before;

By her wonted scornful brow,
Soon the fond mistake I find;
Ixion mourn'd his error so,
When *Juno's* form the cloud resign'd.

Sleep to make its charms more priz'd
Than waking joys which most prevail,
Had cunningly itself disguis'd
In a shape that could not fail.

There my *Celia's* snowy arms,
Breasts, and other parts more dear,
Exposing new and unknown charms,
To my transported soul appear.

Then you so much kindness show,
My despair deluded flies;
And indulgent dreams bestow
What your cruelty denies.

Blush not that your image, Love
Naked to my fancy brought;

'Tis

SONGS & VERSES.

17

'Tis hard, methinks, to disapprove
The joys I feel without your fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd bliss
Can such griefs as mine remove;
That honour as fantastick is
Which makes you slight such constant love.

25

The virtue which you value so,
Is but a fancy frail and vain;
Nothing is solid here below,
Except my love, and your disdain.

30



*To one who accused him of being too
sensual in his Love.*

THink not, my fair, tis sin or shame,
To bless the Man who so adores;
Nor give so hard unjust a name
To all those favours he implores.
Beauty is Heav'ns most bounteous gift esteem'd,
Because by Love men are from vice redeem'd.

Yet wish not vainly for a love
From all the force of nature clear;
That is reserv'd for those above
And 'tis a fault to claim it here.

10

For sensual joys ye scorn that we should love ye;
But love without'em is as much above ye.



The Warning.

Lovers, who waste your thoughts and youth
In passion's fond extremes;
Who dream of Women's love and truth,
And doat upon your dreams:

I should not here your fancy take
From such a pleasing state,
Were you not sure at last to wake,
And find your fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the love which crowns
Our cares, is all but wiles,
Compos'd of false fantastick frowns
And soft dissembling smiles.

With anger, which sometimes they feign,
They cruel tyrants prove;
And then turn flatterers again,
With as affected love.

As if some injury were meant
To those they kindly us'd,
Those Lovers are the most content,
That have been still refus'd.

Since each has in his bosom nurst
A false, and fawning foe;
'Tis just, and wise, by striking first,
To scape the fatal blow.



THE VENTURE
TO AMORETTA.

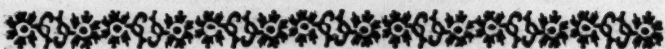
When I held out against your eyes,
You took the surest course,
A heart unwary to surprise
You ne'er could take by force.

However, tho' I strive no more
The fort will now be priz'd,
Which, if surrender'd up before
Perhaps had been despis'd.

But gentle *Amoretta*, tho'
I cannot love resist,
Think not, when you have caught me so
To use me as you list.

Inconstancy, or coldness will
My foolish heart reclaim,
Then I come off with honour still,
But you alas, with shame.

A heart by kindness only gain'd,
Will a dear conquest prove,
And, to be kept, must be maintain'd
At vast expence of love.



THE VENTURE.

OH how I languish! what a strange
 Unruly fierce desire!
 My spirits feel some wondrous change,
 My heart is all on fire.

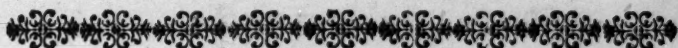
Now all ye wiser thoughts away, 5
 In vain your tale ye tell,
 Of patient hopes and dull delay,
 Love's foppish part farewell.

Suppose one weeks delay would give 10
 All that my wishes move;
 Oh, who so long a time can live,
 Stretch'd on the rack of love?

Her soul perhaps is too sublime,
 To like such slavish fear;
 Discretion, prudence, all is crime, 15
 If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the foldier call
 To some unequal fight,
 Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
 Before his Gen'ral's fight; 20

Advanc'd the happy Hero lives;
 Or if ill fate denies,
 The noble rashness Heav'n forgives,
 And gloriously he dies.

*Inconstancy excused.*

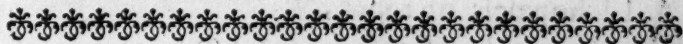
S O N G.

I must confess I am untrue
 To *Gloriana's* eyes,
 But he that's smil'd upon by you
 Must all the world despise.

In winter, fires of little worth
 Excite our dull desire;
 But when the Sun breaks kindly forth
 Those fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for slighting now
 What I did once adore;
 O, do but this one change allow,
 And I can change no more:

Fixt by your never-failing charms,
 Till I with age decay,
 Till languishing within your arms,
 I sigh my soul away.



S O N G.

OH conceal that charming creature
 From my wondring, wishing eyes!
 Every motion, every feature
 Does some ravish'd heart surprize;
 But oh, I sighing, sighing, see

B 3

The

The happy Swain ! the ne'er can be
False to him , or kind to me.

Yet , if I could humbly shew her ,

Ah ! how wretched I remain ;

'Tis not , sure , a thing below her , 10

Still to pity so much pain.

The Gods some pleasure , pleasure take ,

Happy as themselves to make

Those who suffer for their sake ,

Since your hand alone was giv'n 15

To a wretch not worth your care ,

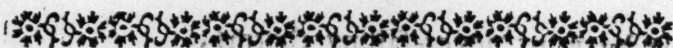
Like some Angel sent from heav'n ,

Come and raise me from despair !

Your heart I cannot , cannot miss ,

And I desire no other bliss ; 20

Let all the world besides be his.



D E S P A I R.

A Ll hopeless of relief ,

Incapable of rest ,

In vain I strive to vent a grief

That's not to be express'd.

This rage within my veins

No reason can remove ;

Of all the mind's most cruel pains ,

The sharpest sure is love. 5

Yet

SONGS & VERSES.

23

Yet while I languish so,
And on thee vainly call; 10
Take heed, fair cause of all my woe,
What fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful, cruel faults
Suit not thy gentle sex;
Hereafter, how will guilty thoughts 15
Thy tender conscience vex!

When welcome death shall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My soul enlarg'd; and once on wing,
In haste will fly to thee. 20

When in thy lonely bed
My ghost its moan shall make,
With saddest signs that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear sake.

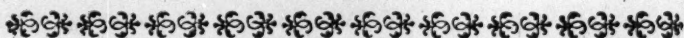
Struck with that conscious blow, 25
Thy very soul will start;
Pale as my shadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy heart.

Too late remorse will then
Untimely pity show, 30
To him, who of all mortal men
Did most thy value know.

B 4

Yet

Yet, with this broken heart,
 I wish thou never be
 Tormented with the thousand part
 Of what I feel for thee.



On apprehension of losing what
 he had newly gain'd.

In imitation of Ovid.

SURE I of all men am the first
 That ever was by kindness curst,
 Who must my only bliss bemoan,
 And am by happiness undone.

Had I at distance only seen
 That lovely face, I might have been
 With the delightfull object pleas'd,
 But not with all this passion seis'd.

When afterwards so near I came,
 As to be scorch'd in beauty's flame;
 To so much softness, so much sense,
 Reason it self made no defence.

What pleasing thoughts possesst my mind
 When little favours shew'd you kind:
 And tho' when coldness oft prevail'd,
 My heart would sink, and spirits fail'd,
 Yet willingly the yoke I bore,
 And all your chains as bracelets wore:
 At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
 Desiring, without knowing why;
 For, not yet blest within your arms,
 Who could have thought of half your charms.

Charms

SONGS & VERSES.

25

Charms of such a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, must not find,
A body worthy of your mind:
Fancy could ne'er so high reflect,
Nor love it self such joys expect.

25

After such embraces past,
Whose memory will ever last,
Love is still reflecting back,
All my soul is on a rack:
To be in Hell's sufficient curse,
But to fall from Heav'n is worse.
I liv'd in grief e'er this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkness too.
Of gains, alas, I could not boast,
But little thought how much I lost.

30

35

Now heart-devouring eagerness,
And sharp impatience to possess,
Now restless cares, consuming fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce desires,
Tear my heart to that degree,
For ever fix'd on only thee,
That all my comfort is, I shall
Live in thy arms, or not at all.

40

45



The Reconcilement.

S O N G.

Come, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it.

B 5

The

26 SONGS & VERSES.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
Tis the most tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas, I lov'd you best.

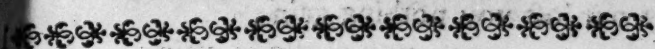
Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.



S O N G.

FROM all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy;
Contented I had been too blest;
If love and you had let me rest.
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires,
Which beauty moves, and love inspires;
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms,
Such are your charms,
Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

*To a Coquet Beauty.*

FROM wars and plagues come no such harms,
 As from a Nymph so full of charms,
 So much sweetness in her face,
 In her motions such a grace,
 In her kind inviting eyes
 Such a soft enchantment lies;
 That we please our selves too soon,
 And are with empty hopes undone.

After all her softness, we
 Are but slaves, while she is free;
 Free, alas, from all desire,
 Except to set the world on fire.

Thou, fair dissembler, dost but thus
 Deceive thy self, as well as us.
 Like a restless Monarch, thou
 Would'st rather force Mankind to bow,
 And venture round the world to roam,
 Than govern peaceably at home.
 But trust me, *Celia*, trust me when
Apollo's self inspires my pen;
 One hour of love's delights outweighs
 Whole years of universal praise;
 And one adorer kindly us'd,
 Gives truer joys than crouds refus'd.

For what does youth and beauty serve?
 Why more than all your sex deserve?
 Why such soft alluring arts
 To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?

By

By our loss you nothing gain,
Unless you love, you please in vain.



The Relapse.

Like children in a starry night,
When I beheld those eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Insensible of all their pow'r.

I play'd about the flame so long,
At last I felt the scorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my passion strong,
And I lay dying with desire;

By all the helps of humane art,
I just recover'd so much sense,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair, but fatal influence.

But, since you shine away despair,
And now my sighs no longer shun,
No Persian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the rising Sun.

If once again my vows displease,
There never was so lost a lover;
In love, that languishing disease,
A sad relapse we ne'er recover.

*The Recovery.*

Sighing and languishing I lay,
A stranger grown to all delight,
Passing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with despair,
Neglecting all the world beside :

Till, like some Angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief ; 10
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.

Those pleasing hopes I now pursue,
Might fail, if you could prove unjust ;
But promises from Heav'n and you, 15
Who is so impious to mistrust ?

Here all my doubts and troubles end ;
One tender word my soul assures ;
Nor am I vain, since I depend,
Not on my own desert, but yours. 20

*The Convert.*

DEjected as true converts die,
 But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
 So, fairest! at your feet I lie,
 Of all my sexes faults asham'd.

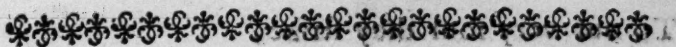
Too long, alas, have I abus'd
 Love's innocent and sacred flame,
 And that divinest pow'r have us'd
 To laugh at as an idle name.

But since soo freely I confess
 A crime which may your scorn produce,
 Allow me now to make it less
 By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue;
 Variety was all my bliss:
 But ignorant of love and you,
 How could I chuse but do amiss?

If ever now my wandring eyes
 Seek out amusements as before,
 If e'er I look, but to despise
 Such charms, and value yours the more;

May sad remorse and guilty shame
 Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
 And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
 May I lose all in losing thee.



The PICTURE.

In imitation of ANACREON.

THou flatterer of all the fair,
Come with all your skill and care;
Draw me such a shape, and face,
As your flattery would disgrace.
With not that she would appear;
'Tis well for you she is not here;
Scarce can you with safety see
All her charms describ'd by me:
I alas the danger know!
I alas have felt the blow! 10
Mourn, as lost, my former days,
That never sung of Celia's praise;
And those few that are behind,
I shall blest or wretched find,
Only just as she is kind. 15

With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw Angels in,
To a second, sweeter sin.
Oh, those wanton rowling eyes!
At each glance a dove dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing, 20
Let them look both kind, and killing.

Next, draw her fore head, then, her nose,
And lips just opening that disclose
Teeth so white, and breath so sweet, 25
So much beauty, so much wit,

To

To our very soul they strike,
All our senses pleas'd alike.

But so pure a white and red,
Never, never, can be said:

What are words in such a case?

What is paint to such a face?

How should either art avail us?

Fancy here it self must fail us.

In her looks, and in her mien,

Such a gracefull air is seen,

That if you, with all your art,

Can but reach the smallest part;

Next to her, the matchless she,

We shall wonder most at thee.

Then her neck, and breasts, and hair,

And her---But my charming fair

Does in a thousand things excell,

Which I must not, dare not tell.

How go on then? oh, I see

A lovely *Venus* drawn by thee;

Oh how fair she does appear!

Touch it only here and there,

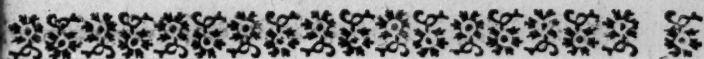
Make her yet seem more divine;

Your *Venus* then may look like mine;

Whose bright form, if once you saw,

You by her would *Venus* draw.





On DON ALONZO's being killed in
Portugal, upon account of the IN-
FANTA, in the Year 1683.

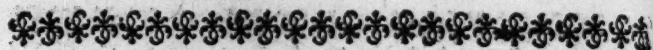
IN such a cause no Muse should fail
To bear a mournfull part;
Tis just and noble to bewail
The fate of fall'n desert.

In vain ambitious hopes design'd
To make his soul aspire,
If love and beauty had not join'd
To raise a brighter fire.

Amidst so many dang'rous foes
How weak the wisest prove!
Reason it self would scarce oppose,
And seems agreed with love;

If from the glorious height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright beauty calls
An Empire is the prize.





The Surprise.

S Afely perhaps dull crowds admire;
 But I, alas, am all on fire.
 Like him who thought in childhood past
 That dire disease which kill'd at last,
 I durst have sworn I lov'd before;
 And fancy'd all the danger o'er;
 Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,
 And born the blasts of cold disdain;
 Then reap'd at length the mighty gains
 That full reward of all our pains!

But what was all such grief or joy,
 That did my heedless years employ?
 Mere dreams of feign'd fantastick pow'rs,
 But the disease of idle hours:

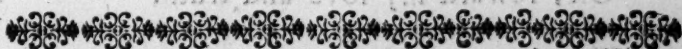
Amusement, humour, affectation,
 Compar'd with this sublimer passion,
 Whose raptures, bright as those above,
 Outshine the flames of zeal, or love.

Yet think not, fairest, what I sing,
 Can from a love platonick spring;
 That formal softness, false and vain,
 Not of the heart, but of the brain.
 Thou art indeed above all Nature,
 But I, a wretched human creature,
 Wanting thy gentle, gen'rous aid,
 Of Husband, rivals, friends afraid!

SONGS & VERSES.

35

Amidst all this seraphic fire,
Am almost dying with desire,
With eager wishes, ardent thoughts,
Prone to commit love's wildest faults! 30
And (as we are on Sundays told
The lusty Patriarch did of old)
Would force a blessing from those charms,
And grasp an Angel in my arms.



A Dialogue sung on the Stage between an elderly Shepherd and a very young Nymph:

Sh. **B** Right and blooming as the spring,
Universal love inspiring!
All our Swains thy praises sing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

N. Praises in so high a strain,
And by such a Shepherd sung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet so harmless & so young. 5

Sh. I should have despair'd among
Rivals that appear so gayly: 10
But your eyes have made me young
By their smiling on me daily.

C 2

N.

N. Idle boys admire us blindly,
 Are inconstant, wild and bold;
 And your using me so kindly,
 Is a proof you are not old.

15

sb. With thy pleasing voice and fashion,
 With thy humour and thy youth,
 Cheer my soul, and crown my passion;
 Oh, reward my love and truth.

20

N. With thy careful arts to cover
 That which fools will count a fault,
 Truest friend as well as lover,
 Oh deserve so kind a thought.

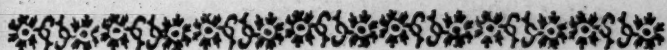
*Each apart first, and then both
 together.*

Happy we shall lie possessing,
 Folded in each other's arms,
 Love and nature's chiefest blessing
 In the still increasing charms.

25

So the dearest joys of loving
 Which scarce Heaven can go beyond,
 Will be ev'ry day improving,
 sb. You more fair, and I more fond.
 N. I more fair, and you more fond.

30



On one who died discovering her kindness.

15
 S Ome vex their souls with jealous pain,
 While others sigh for cold disdain:
 Love's various slaves we daily see;
 20 Yet happy all, compar'd with me,

Of all mankind, I lov'd the best
 A Nymph so far above the rest,
 That we outshin'd the blest above,
 In beauty she, and I in love.

5

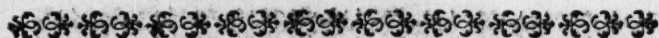
And therefore they who could not bear
 To be outdone by mortals here,
 Among themselves have plac'd her now,
 And left me wretched here below.

10

25 All other fate I could have born
 And ev'n endur'd her very scorn;
 But oh, thus all at once to find
 That dread account! both dead, and kind!
 What heart can hold? if yet I live,
 'Tis but to shew how much I grieve.

15





On LUCINDA'S death.

COME all ye dolefull, dismal cares,
 That ever haunted guilty mind!
 The pangs of Love when it despairs,
 And all those stings the jealous find:
 Alas, heart-breaking tho' ye be, 5
 Yet welcome, welcome all to me!

Who now have lost, but oh how much!
 No language, nothing can express,
 Except my grief; for she was such,
 That praises would but make her less. 10
 Yet who can ever dare to raise
 His voice on her, unless to praise?

Free from her sex's smallest faults,
 And fair as Womankind can be;
 Tender and warm as lover's thoughts, 15
 Yet cold to all the world but me.
 Of all this nothing now remains,
 But only sighs and endless pains.



To a Lady retiring into a Monastery.

What breast but yours can hold the double fire
 Of fierce devotion, and of fond desire?
 Love would shine forth, were not your zeal so bright,
 Whose glaring flames eclipse his gentler light.

Less seems the faith that mountains can remove,
 Than this, which triumphs over youth and love.

But shall some threat'ning Priest divide us two?
 What worse than that could all his curses do?

Thus with a fright some have resign'd their breath,
 And poorly dy'd only for fear of death.

Heav'n sees our passions with indulgence still,
 And they who love well, can do nothing ill.
 While to us nothing but ourselves is dear,
 Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?
 Fame, wealth, and pow'r, those high priz'd gifts,
 of Fate,

The low concerns of a less happy state,
 Are far beneath us: Fortune's self may take
 Her aim at us, yet no impression make:
 Let worldlings ask her help, or fear her harms;
 We can lie safe, lock'd in each other's arms;
 Like the blest Saints, eternal raptures know,
 And slight those storms that vainly rest below.

Yet this, all this you are resolv'd to quit;
 I see my ruin, and I must submit:

But think, o think, before you prove unkind, 25
How lost a wretch you leave forlorn behind.

Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
Revenge for wrongs too burdensome to bear,
Ev'n Zeal it self, from whence all mischiefs spring,
Have never done so barbarous a thing. 30

With such a fate the Heav'ns decreed to vex
Armida once, tho' of the fairer sex;
Rinaldo she had charm'd with so much art,
Hers was his pow'r, his person, and his heart; (move,
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could
She sooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love: 36
When streight a gust of fierce devotion blows,
And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows:
The poor *Armida* tears her golden hair,
Matchless till now, for love, or for despair. 40
Who is not mov'd while the sad Nymph complains?
Yet you now act what *Tasso* only feigns;
And after all our vows, our sighs, our tears,
My banish'd sorrows, and your conquer'd fears,
So many doubts, so many dangers past, 45
Visions of zeal must vanquish me at last

Thus, in great *Homer's* War, throughout the field
Some Hero still made all things mortal yield;
But when a God once took the vanquish'd side,
The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd. 50



The VISION.

*Written during a sea Voyage, when sent to
command the Forces for the relief of*

T A N G I E R.

Within the silent shades of soft repose,
Where fancy's boundless stream for ever flows;
Where the enfranchis'd soul at ease can play,
Tir'd with the toilsome business of the day,
Where Princes gladly rest their weary heads, 5
And change uneasy Thrones for downy beds;
Where seeming joys delude despairing minds,
And where ev'n jealousy some quiet finds;
There I and sorrow for a while could part,
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a sighing heart. 10

But here too soon a wretched lover found
In deepest griefs the sleep can ne'er be found;
With strange surprize my troubled fancy brings
Odd antick shapes of wild unheard of things;
Dismal and terrible they all appear, 15
My soul was shook with an unusual fear.
But as when Visions glad the eyes of Saints,
And kind relief attends devout complaints,
Some beauteous Angel in bright charms will shine,
And spread a glory round, that's all divine: 20
Just such a bright and beauteous form appears,
The Monsters vanish, and with them my fears.

The fairest shape was then before me brought,
 That eyes e'er saw, or fancy ever thought;
 How weak are words to shew such excellence, 25
 Which ev'n confounds the soul as well as sense!
 And, while our eyes transporting pleasure find,
 It stops not here, but strikes the very mind.
 Some Angel speak her praise! no human tongue
 But with its utmost art must do her wrong. 30
 The only Woman that has pow'r to kill,
 And yet is good enough to want the will:
 Who needs no soft alluring words repeat;
 Nor study'd looks of languishing deceit.

Fantastick Beauty, always in the wrong, 35
 Still thinks some pride must to its pow'r belong;
 An air affected, and a haughty mien;
 Something that seems to say, I would be seen.
 But of all womankind this only she
 Full of its charms, and from its frailty free, 40
 Deserves some nobler Muse her fame to raise,
 By making the whole sex beside, her Pyramid of
 She, she appear'd, the source of all my joys, (praise.
 The dearest care that all my thought employs:
 Gently she look'd, as when I left her last, 45
 When first she seiz'd my heart, and held it fast;
 When, if my vows alas were made too late,
 I saw my doom came not from her, but fate.
 With pity then she eas'd my raging pain,
 And her kind eyes could scarce from tears refrain;
 Why gentle Swain, said she, why do you grieve 51
 In words I should not hear, much less believe?
 I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,
 And ought to fly the danger which I find:

SONGS & VERSES.

43

Of false mankind tho' you may be the best, 55
 Ye all have robb'd poor women of their rest.

25 I see your pain, and see it too with grief,
 Because I would, yet must not give relief;
 Thus, for a Husband's sake, as well as yours,
 My scrup'lous soul divided pain endures; 60

30 Guilty, alas, to both; for thus I do
 Too much for him, yet not enough for you.
 Give over then, give over hapless Swain,
 A passion moving, but a passion vain.
 Not chance, nor time shall ever change my thought,
 'Tis better much to die than do a fault. 66

35 Oh worse than ever! is it then my doom
 Just to see Heav'n, where I must never come?
 Your soft compassion, if not something more:
 Yet I remain as wretched as before: }
 The wind indeed is fair, but ah! no sight of shore. }
 40 Farewel, too scrup'lous fair-one, oh farewel!
 What torments I endure, no tongue can tell;
 Thank Heav'n my fate transports me now where I
 Your martyr may with ease and safety die. 75

45 With that I kneel'd and seiz'd her trembling hand,
 While she impos'd this cruel kind command:
 Live and love on; you will be true, I know,
 But live then, and come back to tell me so;
 For tho' I blush at this last guilty breath, 80
 I can endure that better than your death.

1; Tormenting kindness! barbarous reprieve!
 51 Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!

This tender scene my dream repeated o'er
 Just as it pass'd in real truth before. 85

Me-

Methought I then fell grov'ling on the ground,
 'Till on a sudden rais'd, I wond'ring found
 A strange appearance all in taintless white;
 His form gave rev'rence, and his face delight:
 Goodness and greatness in his eyes were seen; 90
 Gentle his look, and affable his mien.

A kindly notice of me thus he took;
 What mean these flowing eyes, this ghastly look?
 These trembling joints, this loose dishevel'd hair,
 And this cold dew, the drops of deep despair? 95

With grief and wonder first my spirits faint,
 But thus at last I vented my complaint.
 Behold a wretch whom cruel fate has found,
 And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd. 99

There shines a Nymph, to whom an envy'd Swain
 Isty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain,

But cloy'd with charms of such a marriage bed,
 And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread;
 And will, most Husband-like, not only range
 For love perhaps of nothing else but change, 105
 But to inferior beauty prostrate lies,

And courts her love, in scorn of *Flavia's* eyes.

All this I knew, (the form divine reply'd)
 And did but ask to have thy temper try'd,
 Which prove sincere: of both I know the mind, 110

She is too scrupulous, and thou too kind:
 But since thy fatal love's for ever fix'd,
 Whatever time or absence come betwixt;
 Since thy fond heart ev'n her disdain prefers
 To others love, I'll something soften hers; 115

Else in the search of virtue she may stray,
 Well-meaning mortals should not lose their way.

She

SONGS & VERSES.

45

She now indeed sins on the safer side,
 For hearts too loose are never to be ty'd;
 But no extremes are either good or wise; 120
 And in the midst alone true virtue lies.

When marriage vows unite an equal pair,
 'Tis a mere contract made by humane care,
 By which they both are for convenience ty'd;
 The bridegroom yet more strictly than the bride; 125
 For circumstances alter ev'ry ill,

And Woman meets with most temptation still:

She a forsaken bed must often bear,
 While he can never fail to find her there,
 And therefore less excus'd to range else where.

Yet this she ought to suffer and submit: 131

But when no longer for each other fit,
 If usage base shall just resentment move,
 Or what is worse, affronts of wand'ring love;

No obligation after that remains, 135

'Tis mean, not just, to wear a rival's chains.

Yet decency requires the wonted cares

Of int'rest, children, and remote affairs;

But in her love, that dear concern of life,

She all the while may be another's wife: 140

Heav'n, that beholds her wrong'd & widow'd bed,

Permits a Lover in her Husbands' stead.

I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiss,

And cry'd,--ev'n our base world is just in this;

Amidst our censures, love we gently blame; 145

And love sometimes preserves a female fame.

What tie less strong can Woman's will restrain?

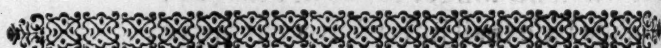
When Honour, checks, & conscience plead in vain;

When

When parents threats, and friends persuasions fail
 When int'rest and ambition scarce prevail,
 To bound that sex when nothing else can move
 They'll live reserv'd to please the man they love.

The Spirit then reply'd to all I said
 She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
 Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate;
 Then she will love, when 'tis alas too late:
 Of all thy pains she will no pity have,
 Till sad despair has sent thee to the grave.

Amaz'd I wak'd in haste,
 All trembling at my doom;
 Dreams oft repeat adventures past
 And tell our ills to come.



HELEN TO PARIS,

From OVID:

Translated by

The Earl of MULGRAVE,
 and Mr. DRYDEN.

WHEN loose Epistles violate chaste eyes,
 She half consents who silently denies:
 How dares a stranger with designs so vain,
 Marriage and hospitable rights prophane?
 Was it for this, your fate did shelter find
 From swelling seas and every faithless wind?

HELEN to PARIS.

47

(For tho a distant country brought you forth,
Your usage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
Did you come here a Stranger, or a Foe? 10
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barb'rous for my just disdain;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchast,
Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
Tho in my face there's no affected frown, 15
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my Honour still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see;
What hope had you to gain a Queen like me? 20
Because a Hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame:
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear, 25
I scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted so. 30
Untouch'd the Youth restor'd me to my Friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.
'Tis vertue to repent a vicious deed;
Did he repent that *Paris* might succeed?
Sure 'tis some Fate that sets me above wrongs, 35
Yet still exposes me to busie tongues.
I'll not complain, for who's displeas'd with love,
If fit sincere, discreet, and constant prove?

But

But that I fear: not that I think you base,
 Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face, 40
 But all your Sex is subject to deceive,
 And ours alas, too willing to believe.
 Yet others yield; and Love o'ercomes the best,
 But why should I not shine above the rest?
 Fair *Leda's* story seems at first to be 45
 A fit example ready found for me;
 But she was cousten'd by a borrow'd shape,
 And under harmless feathers felt a rape:
 If I should yield, what reason could I use?
 By what mistake the loving crime excuse? 50
 Her fault was in her pow'rful Lover lost,
 But of what *Jupiter* have I to boast?
 Tho' you to Heroes, and to Kings succeed,
 Our famous Race does no addition need,
 And great alliances but useles prove 55
 To one that springs herself from mighty *Jove*.
 Go then and boast in some less haughty place,
 Your *Phrygian* blood, and *Priam's* ancient Race,
 Which I wou'd shew I valu'd, if I durst;
 You are the fifth from *Jove*, but I the first. 60
 The Crown of *Troy* is pow'rful I confess,
 But I have reason to think ours no less.
 Your Letter fill'd with promises of all
 That Men can good, and Women pleasant call,
 Gives expectation such an ample field, 65
 As wou'd move Goddesses themselves to yield.
 But if I e'er offend great *Juno's* Laws,
 Your self shall be the dear, the only cause;
 Either my Honour I'll to death maintain,
 Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain. 70
 Not

Not that so fair a present I despise ;
 We like the gift , when we the giver prize .
 But 'tis your love moves me , which made you take
 Such pains , and run such hazards for my sake .
 I have perceiv'd , though I dissembled too , 75
 A thousand things that Love has made you do :
 Your eager eyes would almost dazle mine , (shine.
 In which , wild man , your wanton thoughts wou'd
 Sometimes you'd figh , sometimes disorder'd stand ,
 And with unusual ardor , press my hand ; 80
 Contrive just after me to take the glass ,
 Nor wou'd you let the least occasion pass ;
 Which oft I fear'd I did not mind alone ,
 And blushing fate for things which you have done :
 Then murmur'd to my self , he'll for my sake 85
 Do any thing ; I hope 't was no mistake .
 Oft have I read within this pleasant Grove ,
 Under my Name those charming words , *I love* ,
 I frowning , seem'd not to believe your flame ,
 But now , alas ! am come to write the same . 90
 If I were capable to do amiss ,
 I could not but be sensible of this .
 For oh ! your face has such peculiar charms ,
 That who can hold from flying to your arms ?
 But what I ne'er can have without offence , 95
 May some blest Maid possess with innocence .
 Pleasure may tempt , but vertue more should move ,
 O learn of me to want the thing you love .
 What you desire is sought by all mankind :
 As you have eyes , so others are not blind ; 100
 Like you they see , like you my charms adore ,
 They wish not less , but you dare venture more .

Oh ! had you then upon our coasts been brought ,
 My virgin love when thousand Rivals fought ,
 You had I seen , you should have had my voice ; 105
 Nor could my Husband justly blame my choice .
 For both our hopes , alas you come too late !
 Another now is master of my fate .
 More to my wish I cou'd have liv'd with you ,
 And yet my present lot can undergo . 110
 Cease to solicit a weak Woman's will ,
 And urge not her you love , to so much ill .
 But let me live contented as I may ,
 And make not my unspotted fame your prey . 114
 Some right you claim , since naked to your eyes
 Three Goddesses disputed Beauty's prize .
 One offer'd Valour , t' other Crowns , but she
 Obtain'd her cause , who smiling promis'd me .
 But first I am not of belief so light , 119
 To think such Nymphs wou'd shew you such a fight .
 Yet granting this , the other part is feign'd :
 A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd .
 With partial eyes I shou'd my self regard ,
 To think that *Venus* made me her reward :
 I humbly am content with human praise ; 125
 A Goddess's applause wou'd envy raise :
 But be it as you say , for 'tis confess ,
 The Men who flatter highest please us best :
 That I suspect it , ought not to displease ;
 For miracles are not believ'd with ease . 130
 One joy I have , that I had *Venus*' voice ;
 A greater yet , that you confirm'd her choice ;
 That proffer'd Laurels , promis'd Sov'raignty ,
Juno and *Pallas* you contemn'd for me .

HELEN to PARIS.

51

Am I your Empire then, and your renown? 135
 What heart of rock but must by this be won?
 And yet bear witness; O you Pow'rs above,
 How rude I am in all the arts of Love!
 My hand is yet untaught to write to men;
 This is th'essay of my unpractis'd pen: 140
 Happy those Nymphs, whom use has perfect made;
 I think all crime; and tremble at a shade:
 Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
 Look often back, misdoubting a surprize.
 For now the rumour spreads among the croud,
 At Court in whispers, but in Town aloud: 146
 Dissemble you, what e'er you hear 'em say:
 To leave off loving were your better way;
 Yet if you will dissemble it you may. }
 Love secretly: the absence of my Lord, 150
 More freedom gives, but does not all afford.
 Long is his journey, long will be his stay;
 Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
 To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
 I bid him make what swift return he cou'd: 155
 Then kissing me, he said I recommend
 All to thy care, but most my *Trojan* Friend.
 I smil'd at what he innocently said,
 And only answer'd, you shall be obey'd.
 Propitious winds have born him far from hence, 160
 But let not this secure your confidence.
 Absent he is, yet absent he commands;
 You know the Proverb; *Princes have long hands*.
 My fame's my burthen, for the more I'm prais'd,
 A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd. 165

D 2

Were

Were I less fair I might have been more blest :
 Great beauty through great danger is possest.
 To leave me here his venture was not hard,
 Because he thought my vertue was my guard.
 He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life, 170
 The beauty doubted, but believ'd the Wife :
 You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
 Put in our hands by the good easie Man.
 I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt Love and fear ;
 One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
 Our flames are mutual, and my Husband's gone, 176
 The nights are long ; I fear to lie alone :
 One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
 And you're too pressing to be long denied :
 Let me not live, but every thing conspires 180
 To joyn our loves, and yet my fear retires.
 You court with words, when you shou'd force im-
 A Rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy : (ploy,
 Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
 Our Sex can suffer what we dare not give. 185
 What have I said ! for both of us 'twere best,
 Our kindling fire if each of us supprest.
 The faith of Strangers is too prone to change,
 And like themselves, their wandring passions range.
Hypsipyle, and the fond *Minoian* Maid, 190
 Were both by trusting of their Guests betray'd.
 How can I doubt that other men deceive,
 When you your self did fair *OEnone* leave ?
 But lest I shou'd upbraid your treachery,
 You make a merit of that crime to me. 195
 Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
 Your weary *Trojans* wait but for a wind.

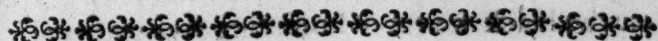
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HELEN to PARIS.

53

Shou'd you prevail, while I assign the night
 Your Sails are hoysted, and you take your flight:
 Some bawling Mariner our love destroys, 200
 And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
 But I with you may leave the *Spartan* Port,
 To view the *Trojan* wealth, and *Priam's* Court.
 Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
 And fill a foreign country with my shame. 205
 In *Asia* what reception shall I find?
 And what dishonour leave in *Greece* behind?
 What will your Brothers, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
 And what will all your modest Matrons say?
 Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect, 210
 My future conduct justly may suspect:
 And what e'er Stranger lands upon your coast,
 Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
 I from your rage, a Strumpet's name shall hear,
 While you forget what part in it you bear. 215
 You my crime's Author, will my crime upbraid:
 Deep under ground, Oh let me first be laid!
 You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
 And promise all shall be at my command:
 Your *Trojan* wealth, believe me, I despise; 220
 My own poor nativeland has dearer ties.
 Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* shore,
 What help of kindred cou'd I there implore?
Medea was by *Jasons* flat t'ry won:
 I may like her believe and be undone. 225
 Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat;
 And Love contributes to its own deceit.
 The Ships about whose sides loud tempests roar,
 With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.

Your teeming Mother dreamt a flaming brand 230
Sprung from her womb consum'd the *Trojan* Land.
To second this, old Prophecies conspire,
That *Ilium* shall be burnt with *Grecian* fire:
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That *Venus* is oblig'd our loves to aid. 235
For they who lost their cause, revenge will take,
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but shou'd I follow you,
The sword wou'd soon our fatal crime pursue:
A wrong so great my Husband's rage wou'd rouse,
And my Relations wou'd his cause espouse. 240
You boast your strength and courage, but alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let Heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight. 245
Bid *Hector* sally from the walls of *Troy*,
A sweeter quarrel shou'd your arms imploy.
Yet fears like these, shou'd not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my Sex.
But time and you, may bolder thoughts inspire;
And I perhaps may yield to your desire. 250
You last demand a private conference,
These are your words, but I can guess your sense.
Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend. 255
This is enough to let you understand,
For now my Pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My Woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.



*Part of the story of ORPHEUS, being a
translation out of the fourth Book
of VIRGIL'S GEORGIC.*

TIs not for nothing when just Heav'n does frown;
 The injur'd *Orpheus* calls these judgments down;
 Whose spouse, avoiding to become thy prey,
 And all his joys, at once were snatched away;
 The Nymph fore-doom'd that fatal way to pass, 5
 Spied not the serpent lurking in the grass:
 A mournfull cry the spacious valley fills,
 With echoing groans from all the neighbouring hills;
 The Dryades roar out in deep despair,
 And with united voice bewail the fair. 10

For such a loss he sought no vain relief,
 But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief;
 Along the shore he oft would wildly stray
 With dolefull notes begin, and end the day.
 At length, to Hell a frightfull journey made, 15
 Pass'd the wide-gaping gulph, and dismal shade;
 Visits the ghosts, and to that King repairs,
 Whose heart's inflexible to humane prayers.
 All Hell is ravish'd with so sweet a song;
 Light souls, and airy spirits glide along; 20
 In troops, like millions of the feathered kind,
 Driv'n home by night, or some tempestuous wind:
 Matrons, and men, raw youths and unripe maids;
 And mighty Heroes more majestick shades;

And sons entomb'd before their parents face ; 25
 These the black waves of bounding *Styx* embrace
 Nine times circumfluent , clogg'd with noisome
 weeds ,

And all that filth which standing water breeds.
 Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of death ;
 The Sisters with blue snaky curls took breath ; 30
Ixion's wheel a while unmov'd remaind ,
 And the fierce Dog his three-mouth'd voice re-
 strain'd.

When safe return'd , and all these dangers past ,
 His Wife restor'd to breathe fresh air at last ;
 Following , (for so *Proserpina* was pleas'd) 35
 A sudden rage th' unwary Lover seiz'd :
 He as the first bright glimpse of daylight shin'd ,
 Could not refrain to cast one look behind ;
 A fault of Love ! could hell compassion find. }
 A dreadfull sound thrice shook the Stygian coast , 40
 His hopes quite fled , and all his labour lost !
 Why hast thou thus undone thy self and me ?
 What rage is this ? oh , I am snatch'd from thee !
 She faintly cry'd , night , and the powers of hell
 Surround my sight ; oh *Orpheus* ! oh fare well ! 45
 My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before
 But all in vain , for I am thine no more ;
 No more allow'd to view thy face , or day
 Then from his eyes , like smoak , she fleets away.
 Much he would fain have spoke , but Fate , alas !
 Would ne'er again consent to let him pass. 51
 Thus twice undone , what course remain'd to take ,
 To gain her back , already pass'd the lake ?
 What tears , what patience , could procure him ease ?
 Or ah ! what vows the angry Powers appease ? 56

'Tis said, he sev'n long moons bewail'd his loss
To bleak and barren rocks, on whose cold moss
While languishing he sung his fatal flame
He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce Tigers tame.

So the sad Nightingale, when childless made 60
By some rough Swain who stole her young away,
Bewails her loss beneath a poplar shade.

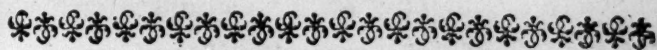
Mourns all the night, in murmurs wastes the day;
Her melting songs a dolefull pleasure yield,
And melancholy musick fills the field. 65

Marriage, nor love, could ever move his mind;
But all alone, beat by the Northern-wind,
Shiv'ring on *Tanais* banks the Bard remain'd
And of the Gods unfruitfull gift complain'd.

Ciconian Dames, enrag'd to be despis'd 70
As they the feast of *Bacchus* solemniz'd,
Slew the poor youth, and strew'd about his limbs;
His head, torn off from the fair body, swims
Down that swift current where the *Heber* flows,
And still its tongue in dolefull accents goes. 75

Ah, poor *Eurydice*! he dying cry'd;

Eurydice resounds from every side.



An Essay on Satyre;

Written in 1675.

How vain, and how insensible a beast
Is Man! who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
Philosophers and Poets vainly strove
In every age, the lumpish mass to move:
But those were Pedants, if compar'd with these, 5
Who knew not only to instruct, but please:

D 5

Poets

Poets alone found the delightfull way,
 Myfterious morals gently to convey
 In charming numbers, that when once men grew
 pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiser too. 10
 Satyre has always shin'd among the rest,
 And is the boldest way, perhaps the best,
 To shew men freely all their foulest faults,
 To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts.

In this great work the wise took different ways, 15
 Tho each deserving its peculiar praise.
 Some did our follies with just sharpness blame;
 While others laugh'd, and scorn'd us into shame;
 But, of these two, the last succeeded best;
 As men hit rightest, when they shoot in jest. 20

Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
 And censure those who censur'd all besides,
 In all things else they justly are prefer'd,
 In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd;
 Against the grossest follies they declaim, 25
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
 And but the talent of a vulgar wit:
 Besides 'tis labour lost; for who would teach
 W-----y to write, or T----- to preach? 30
 'Tis being devout at play, wise at a Ball,
 Or bringing wit and friendship to *Whitehall*.

But, with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind,
 That little speck, which all the rest will spoil, 35
 To wash off this, would be a noble toil;
 Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
 Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage:

ESSAY on SATYRE.

59

Above the reach of ev'ry little Wit,
 Who yet will smile to see a greater hit.
 But ev'n the greatest, tho' expos'd the most,
 Of such correction shou'd have cause to boast;
 In such a Satyre they might court a share,
 And each vain Fool would fancy he was there.

Old Story-tellers then will pine, and die,
 To find their antiquated wit laid by; 45

Like her who miss'd her name in a Lampoon,
 And sigh'd, to find her self decay'd so soon.
 No common Coxcomb must be mention'd here,
 Nor the dull train of dancing Sparks appear;

No feather'd Officers who never fight; 50

Of such a wretched rabble who would write!
 Much less half-wits; that's more against our rules;

For they are Fops, the others are but Fools:

Who would not be as silly as D---r,

Or dull as W---ly, rather than Sir C---r? 55

The cunning Courtier should be slighted too,

Who with dull knavery makes so much ado,

Till the shrewd fool by thriving too too fast,

Like *Esop's* fox, becomes a prey at last.

Nor should the Royal Mistresses be nam'd; 60

Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd;

With whom each rhiming fool keeps such a pother,

They are as common that way, as the other:

While sauntering *Charles* betwixt so mean a brace, 65

Meets with dissembling still in either place,

Affected humour, or a painted face.

In loyal libels we have often told him 67

How one has jilted him, the other sold him,

How

How that affects to laugh, and this to weep;
 But who so long can rail, as he can keep?
 Was ever Prince by two at once mis-led,
 Foolish, and false, ill-natur'd and ill-bred?

71

E-----y and A-----y, with all the race
 Offormal blockheads shall have here no place;
 At Council set, as foils, on *Danby's* score,
 To make that great false jewel shine the more;
 Who all the while is thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains, and telling lyes.
 But there's no meddling with such nauseous men,
 Their very names have tir'd my nicer pen;
 'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse
 Some nobler subject for a sharper Muse.

75

80

And first behold the merriest man alive
 Against his careless genius vainly strive;
 Quit his dear ease some deep design to lay,
 Appoint the hour, and then forget the day.
 Yet he will laugh, ev'n at his friends, and be
 Just as good company as *Nokes*, or *Lee*;
 But when he would the Court, or Nation rule,
 He turns himself the best to ridicule.
 When serious, few for great affairs more fit,
 But shew him mirth, and bait that mirth with wit,
 That shadow of a jest shall be enjoyed,
 Tho' he left all mankind to be destroyed.

85

90

So puss transform'd sate like a mumping Bride,
 Pensive and prudent, till the Mouse she spy'd;
 But soon the Lady had him in her eye
 And from the board did just as odly fly.
 Straining above our Nature does no good;
 We must sink back to our old flesh and blood.

As

ESSAY on SATYRE.

61

As by our little *Machiavel* * we find
 That nimblest creature of the busy kind :
 His legs are crippled , and his body shakes ,
 Yet his bold mind , that all this bustle makes ,
 No pity of its poor companion takes ;
 What gravity can hold from laughing out ,
 To see that lug his feeble limbs about ?
 Like hounds ill coupled , *Fowler* is too strong ,
 He jades poor *Trip* , and drags him all along .
 'Tis such a cruelty as ne'er was known ,
 To use a body thus , tho' 'tis ones own .
 Yet this vain comfort in his mind he keeps ;
 His soul is soaring , while his body creeps .
 Alas ! that soaring , to those few who know ,
 Is but a busy flutt'ring here below .
 So visionary brains ascend the sky ,
 While on the ground entranc'd the wretches lie .
 And so late Fops have fancy'd they can fly .
 Next , our new Earl † with parts deserving praise ,
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways ;
 Yet loses all soft days , and sensual nights ,
 Kind nature checks , and kinder fortune flights ,
 Striving against his quiet all he can ,
 For the fine notion of a busy man :
 And what is that at best , but one whose mind
 Is made to vex himself , and all mankind ?
 Drudging for wealth , a Courtier let him live ;
 For , if some odd fantastick Lord will drive
 A hackney Coach , and meaner business do ,
 We should both pay him , and admire him too .
 But is there any other beast alive ,
 Can his own harm so wittily contrive ?

101

3

106

110

115

3

120

125

130

* E. of *Shaftsbury*. † *Essex*.

Will

Will any dog, that has his teeth and stones,
 Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones,
 To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd, 135
 While *Venus* is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
 Yet this vain man, to get a Statesman's name,
 Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
 Tho' Satyre nicely writ, no folly stings
 But theirs, who merit praise for other things: 140
 Yet we must needs this one exception make,
 And break our rule for silly *Tropo's* sake;
 Who lately too much scorn'd to be accus'd,
 Now therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd.
 Rais'd only by a mercenary tongue 145
 For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.
 As boys on holidays, let loose to play,
 Halloo a stumbling jade in slipp'ry way;
 Then laugh to see in dirt and deep distress
 Some awkward Cit in her flowr'd foolish dress; 150
 Such mighty satisfaction have I found,
 To see this tinsell Eloquence a-ground.
 The florid gravity we often saw
 Baffled by common whiflers of the law.
 For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker 155
 The finer, nay sometimes the wittier speaker.
 So odd a mixture no man else affords;
 Such scarcity of sense, such choice of words;
 At Bar abusive, on the Bench unable,
 Knave on the wool-sack, Fop at council-table. 160
 But these are Politicians, such as would
 Be rather high than honest, great than good.
 Another sort of wits shall now be shown,
 Whose harmless foibles hurt themselves alone

Who

ESSAY on SATYRE.

63

Who think excess of luxury can please, 165
And laziness call loving of their ease;
Pleasure and indolence their only aim;
Yet their whole life's but intermitting pain.
Such head-achs, surfeits, ails, their days divide,
They scarce perceive the little time beside. 170

Well-meaning men, who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose, only for pleasure's sake:
Each pleasure hath its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus *D---t* purring like a thoughtfull cat, 175
Marry'd, (but wiser puss ne'er thinks on that)
Like *Pembroke's* dog, fierce at his fondest time,
At once he woos, and worries her in rhyme;
To gain her love, exposes all her life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife. 180

With tame submission to the will of Fate,
Hellogg'd about the matrimonial weight;
Till Fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;
That is, to live in his old idle way 185
Smoaking all night, and dozing all the day,
Dull as *Ned Howard*, whom his brisker time
Had fam'd for nonsense in immortal rhyme.

Mulgrave had much ado to 'scape the snare,
Tho' vers'd in all those arts that cheat the fair. 190
Beauty and wit had seiz'd his heart so fast,
That *Numps* himself seem'd in the stocks at last.
Old injur'd parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
In hopes to see this Pirate made a prize;
Th' impatient town waited the wish'd for change
And Cuckolds sneer'd in hopes of sweet revenge; 196
Till

Till his ambition set his love aside ,
 And sav'd him , not by prudence , but by pride.
 What tender thoughts his harden'd heart can move,
 Who for a shadow quits substantial love ? 200

And little * *Sid* for simile renown'd ,
 Pleasure has always fought , but seldom found.
 Tho' wine and women are his only care ,
 Of both he takes a lamentable share.

The flesh he lives on , is too rank and strong : 205
 His meat and Mistresses are kept too long.

But , sure , we all mistake the pious man ,
 Who mortifies his person all he can ;
 And what the world counts lewdness , vice , and sin ,
 Are penances of this odd Capuchin : 210

For never Hermit under grave pretence
 Has liv'd more contrary to common sense.

Expecting supper is his chief delight ;
 Like any labourer , our little Knight }
 Toils all the day , but to be drunk at night ; }
 When o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits , 216
 Till he takes *Huett* and *Jack Hall* for wits.

Last enter *Rocheſter* , of sprightly wit ,
 Yet not for converse safe , or business fit.
 Mean in each action , lewd in every limb , 220
 Manners themselves are mischievous in him.

A gloss he gives to ev'ry foul design ,
 And we must own his very vices shine.
 But of this odd ill-nature to mankind 225
 Himself alone the ill effects will find :
 So

* Remarkable for making pleasant & proper similes on all occasions.

ESSAY on SATYRE:

65

So envious Hags in vain their witchcraft try,
Yet for intended mischief justly die.
For what a *Bessus* has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd? 230
For (there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear)
Cowards more blows than any Heroes bear.
Offighting sparks Fame may her pleasure say;
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away.

The world may well forgive him all his ill, 235
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still.
Easily he falls into some dang'rous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose:
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injuring, and low submitting. 240

How weak, and yet how vain a thing is man,
Mean what he will, endeavour what he can!
I, who design'd to be so wondrous wise,
Perceive at last where the great folly lies:
While others weakness is so gravely shown, 245
Their fame we ruin, but to raise our own;
That we may Angels seem, we paint them elves,
And write but satyrs, to set up our selves.
Tho' to my self this task appear'd so nice,
That ev'n the Ancients seem'd to want advice; 250
With strength unequal I have dar'd to climb
That lofty height unreach'd in former time.
No wonder in the bold attempt I fall,
And this too late to my remembrance call;
Learn to write well, or not to write at all!



An ESSAY on POETRY.

OF all those arts in which the wise excell,
 Natures chief master-piece is writing well.
 No writing lifts exalted man so high
 As sacred & soul-moving Poesy.
 No kind of work requires so nice a touch;
 And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
 But Heav'n forbid we should be so prophane,
 To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
 'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
 Dazling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes; 15
 Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;
 True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun;
 Which, tho' sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
 Number and Rhyme, and that harmonious sound, 15
 Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
 Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
 And all in vain these superficial parts
 Contribute to the structure of the whole,
 Without a Genius too, for that's the Soul: 20
 A Spirit which inspires the work throughout,
 As that of Nature moves the world about:
 A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
 Even something of Divine, and more than Wit;
 It self unseen, yet all things by it shown, 25
 Describing all men, but describ'd by none.

When

ESSAY on POETRY.

67

Where dost thou dwell? What caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?

When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
O where dost thou retire? And why dost thou return
Sometimes with pow'rful charms to hurry me away
From pleasures of the night, and business of the Day?
E'en now too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.

As all is dulness, when the Fancy's bad; 35

So, without Judgment, Fancy is but mad;

And Judgment has a boundless influence,

Not only in the choice of words or sense,

But on the World, on Manners, and on Men:

Fancy is but the feather of the pen. 40

Reason is that substantial useful part,

Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.

Here I should all the various sorts of Verse,

And the whole Art of Poetry rehearse:

But who that task would after *Horace* do? 45

The best of Masters and examples too!

Echoes at best; all we can say is vain,

Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.

'Tis true, the Ancients we may rob with ease;

But who with that mean shift himself can please? 50

Without an Actor's pride, a Player's art

Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.

Yet modern Laws are made for later faults,

And new absurdities inspire new thoughts.

What need has *Satyr* then to live on theft, 55

When so much fresh occasion still is left?

E 2

Fer-

Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
 And Monsters worse than ever *Nilus* breeds.
 But hold, the fool shall have no cause to fear;
 'Tis Wit and Sense that is the subject here.
 Defects of witty men deserve a cure;
 And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.

60

S O N G S.

First then of *Songs*, which now so much abound,
 Without his Song no Fop is to be found;
 A most offensive weapon, which he draws
 On all he meets, against *Apollo's* laws.
 Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part
 Of Poetry requires a nicer art;
 For as in rows of richest Pearl there lies
 Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
 The least of which defects is plainly shown
 In one small Ring, and brings the value down.
 So *Songs* should be to just perfection wrought:
 Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
 Exact propriety of words and thought;
 Expression easy, and the fancy high;
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
 No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
 As, wrought with care yet seem by chance to fall.
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit
 Bare Ribaldry, that poor pretence to Wit.
 Such nauseous Songs, by a late Author † made,
 Call an unwilling censure on his shade.

65

70

75

80

21
Not

† The Earl of Rochester.

ESSAY on POETRY.

69

Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy,
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy; 85
But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel only choak the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise,
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

E L E G Y.

NExt *Elegy*, of sweet but solemn voice, 90
And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
The praise of Beauty, Valour, Wit contains;
And there too oft despairing Love complains.
In vain, alas! for who by Wit is mov'd?
That Phoenix she deserves to be belov'd. 95
But noisy nonsense, and such Fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic Sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew,
The many raise the value of the few.
But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd, 100
Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside.
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit:
But should this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd, 105
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought, and the whole model laid
So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, 'till they reach the skies;
Such trifles may perhaps of late have past, 110
And may be lik'd a while, but never last.

'Tis Epigram, 'tis Point, 'tis what you will;
 But not an *Elegy*, nor writ with skill;
 No * *Panegyric*, nor a † *Cooper's Hill*.

O D E S.

A higher flight, and of a happier force, 115
 Are *Odes*, the Muses most unruly horse,
 That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no rest,
 Here foams at mouth, and moves like one posselt.
 The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd, 120
 With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
 Had he with Nature join'd the rules of Art;
 But sometimes diction mean or verse ill wrought
 Deadens or clouds his noble flame of thought.
 Tho' all appear in heat and fury done, 125
 The language still must soft and easy run.
 These laws may sound a little too severe;
 But Judgment yields, and fancy governs here;
 Which, tho' extravagant, this Muse allows,
 And makes the work much easier than it shows. 130

S A T I R E.

O F all the ways that wisest Men could find,
 To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,
 S A T I R E well writ has most successful prov'd,
 And cures because the remedy is lov'd.
 'Tis hard to write on such a subject more, 135
 Without repeating things said oft before.

* Waller's.

† Denham's.

ESSAY on POETRY.

71

Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a Beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be, as the subject, rough. 140
This Poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only bus'ness was to rail:
But humane frailty nicely to unfold, 145
Distinguishes a Satyr from a Scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down,
A Satyr's smile is sharper than his frown:
So, while you seem to slight some rival Youth,
Malice it self may pass sometimes for truth. 150
The * *Laureat* here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd † by *Mack-Fleckno* with immortal Bays;
Tho' prais'd and punish'd for another's Rhimes,
His own deserve as great applause sometimes.
Yet once his *Pegasus* has born dead weight, ** 125
Rid by some lumpish Ministers of State.

Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares a while,
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young Eagle that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey thro' the sky, 130
Weights all the dangerous enterprise before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar;

E 4

Doubts

* Mr. Dryden.

† A famous Satyrical Poem of his.

‡ The Essay on Satyre, for which Mr. Dryden was both applauded and beaten, tho' not only innocent but ignorant of the whole matter. These two lines are left out in the last Edition.

** His Poem called, the Hind and Panther.

Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
 That lofty road of airy travellers:
 But yet incited by some bold design, 135
 That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
 Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care,
 At last resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air.
 Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
 She lessens to us, and is lost at last. 140

So [tho' too weak for such a weighty thing']
 The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing:
 And why should Truth offend, when only told
 To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold? 145
 On then, my Muse, advent'rously engage
 To give instructions that concern the Stage.

P L A Y S.

THe Unities of Action, Time, and Place,
 Which, if observ'd, give Plays so great a grace,
 Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
 To be taught here, where we pretend alone
 From nicer faults to purge the present Age, 151
 Less obvious errors of the *English* Stage.

First then, *Soliloquies* had need be few,
 Extreemly short, and spoke in passion too.
 Our Lovers talking to themselves, for want 155
 Of others, make the Pit their Confident:
 Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
 They trust a Friend, only to tell it us.

Th'oc.

ESSAY on POETRY.

73

Th'occasion should as naturally fall,
As when * *Bellario* confesses all. 160

Figures of speech, which Poets think so fine,
[Art's needless varnish, to make Nature shine]

Are all but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in Descriptions only claim a place:

But to make Rage declaim, and Grief discourse,
From Lovers in despair fine things to force, 166

Must needs succeed; for who can chuse but pity
A dying Hero miserably witty?

But oh! the *Dialogues*, where jest and mock
Is held up, like a rest at Shittle-cock! 170

Or else, like bells, eternally they chime;
They sigh in *Simile*, and die in *Rhime*.

What things are these who would be Poets thought,
By Nature not inspir'd, nor Learning taught?

Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this by which they starve. 176

But to write Piays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To Judgment, Breeding, Wit, and Eloquence:

Nay more, for they must look within to find
Those secret turns of Nature in the mind. 170

Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all without a soul.

All this united yet but makes a part
Of *Dialogue*, that great and pow'rful art, 174

Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew,
From whom the *Romans* fainter copies drew,

Scarce comprehended since but by a few. }
Plato

E 5

* In *Philaster*, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Plato and *Lucian* are the best remains
 Of all the wonders which this Art contains:
 Yet to our selves we justice must allow, 180
Shakespear and *Fletcher* are the wonders now.
 Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before;
 For tho' in many things they grossly fail,
 Over our passions still they so prevail, 185
 That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep:
 The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
 Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults.
 First on a *Plot* employ thy careful thoughts;
 Turn it with time a thousand several ways: 190
 This oft alone has giv'n success to Plays.
 Reject that vulgar error, which appears
 So fair, of making *perfect characters*:
 There's no such thing in Nature, and you'll draw
 A faultless Monster, which the world ne'er saw.
 Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
 But such as may deserve compassion too. 195
 Besides the main design compos'd with art,
 Each moving Scene must be a Plot apart.
 Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place, 200
 As Painters first chalk out the future face:
 Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this;
 But change hereafter what appears amiss.
 Think not so much where shining thoughts to place,
 As what a Man would say in such a case. 205
 Neither in Comedy will this suffice,
 The Player too must be before your eyes;
 And tho' 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
 To him you must your secret meaning show.

Expose no single Fop, but lay the load 210
 More equally, and spread the folly broad.
 Mere Coxcombs are too obvious, oft we see
 A Fool derided by as bad as he,
 Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way
 A very Owl may prove a Bird of prey. 215
 Small Poets thus will one poor Fop devour;
 But to collect, like Bees, from ev'ry flow'r,
 Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
 Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
 In spite of faction, this would favour get; 220
 But * *Falstaff* stands inimitable yet.

Another fault which often may befall, }
 Is, when the Wit of some great Poet shall }
 So overflow, that is, be none at all; }
 That even his Fools speak sense, as if posselt, 225
 And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
 If once the justness of each part be lost,
 Well we may laugh, but at the Poet's cost.
 That silly thing men call *sheer-wit*, avoid,
 With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd. 230
Humour is all, Wit should be only brought
 To turn agreeably some proper thought.
 But since the Poets we of late have known,
 Shine in no dress so much as in their own;
 The better by example to convince, 235
 Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.

First

* An admirable Character in some Plays of Shakespear.

First a Soliloquy is calmly made,
 Where ev'ry reason is exactly weigh'd;
 Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
 Some Hero frighted at the noise of drums, 240
 For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
 And all in *Metaphor* his passion proves;
 But some sad accident, tho' yet unknown,
 Parting this pair, to leave the Swain alone;
 He freight grows jealous, tho' we know not why,
 Then, to oblige his Rival, needs will die: 245
 But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
 The absent Nymph; how much his flame excels,
 And yet bequeaths her generously now
 To that lov'd Rival whom he does not know; 250
 Who freight appears, but who can Fate withstand?
 Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
 That just has giv'n himself the cruel stroke,
 At which his very Rival's heart is broke;
 He more to his new Friend than Mistress kind, 255
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind;
 Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
 To Love, and living in a Lady's arms.

What shameful, & what monstrous things are these?
 And then they rail at those they cannot please; 260
 Conclude us only partial to the dead:
 And grudge the Sign of old *Ben. Johnson's* head:
 When the intrinsic value of the Stage
 Can scarce be judg'd, but by a following Age;
 For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime,
 May keep up sinking nonsense for a time. 266
 But

But that must fail, which now so much o'er rules,
And sense no longer will submit to Fools.

E P I C K P O E T R Y.

BY painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus hill, on whose bright airy top 270
The E P I C K P O E T S so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic Poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of humane sense;
A work of such inestimable worth, 275
There are but two the World has yet brought forth,
HOMER and VIRGIL! with what sacred awe
Do those meer sounds the worlds attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of Men, or rather is a two legg'd beast, 280
So these gigantic Souls, amaz'd, we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united, endless Fame,
And universal shouts attend their name.
Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more, 285
For all Books else appear so mean so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And *Homer* will be all the Books you need,
Had * *Bossu* never writ, the world had still,
Like *Indians*, view'd this wond'rous piece of skill;
As something of Divine the work admir'd, 291
Not hop'd to be instructed but inspir'd:

And

* A late celebrated French Author, who in his excellent Treatise
on Epick Poetry, drew all his Examples from HOMER.

But he, disclosing sacred Myſteries,
 Has ſhewn where all the mighty Magick lies;
 Deſcrib'd the ſeeds, and in what order ſown,
 That have to ſuch a vaſt proportion grown.
 Sure from ſome Angel he this ſecret knew,
 Who thro' this Labyrinth has lent the clue.
 But what, alas! avails it poor Mankind,
 To ſee this promis'd Land, yet ſtay behind?
 The way is ſhewn, but who has ſtrength to go?
 Who can all Sciences profoundly know?
 Whoſe Fancy flies beyond weak Reaſon's ſight,
 And yet has Judgment to direct it right?
 Whoſe juſt diſcernement, *Virgil*-like, is ſuch,
 Never to ſay too little, or too much?
 Let ſuch a Man begin without delay;
 But he muſt do beyond what I can ſay;
 Muſt above *Taſſo*'s lofty flights prevail,
 Succeed where *Spenſer*, & even *Milton* fail.



O D E

on B R U T U S.

'TIS said, that Favourite, Mankind,
 Was made the Lord of all below;
 But yet the (a) doubtful are (b) concern'd to find;
 'Tis

(a) *The doubtful.*] In] which number are comprehended all the Sceptics of both sorts. viz. they who without much consideration are apt to slight the holy Bible, and all religion depending on it, because they have neither the patience, nor the parts, to examine any thing thoroughly; and others more modest, who would on several accounts accept those doctrines which are taught us, if their judgment informed by a well-meaning and industrious inquiry (which is all that God has given us for our guide) did not perceive, in some of them at least, a manifest absurdity; apprehending also a kind of impiety in believing things inconsistent, not only with common sense, but with that reverend notion we ought to have of the Deity. They conceive it to be one of those absurdities, that a poor animal call'd a Man, should be invested by God with a right of despotick dominion over all the rest of the Creation, when all the while we are but too plainly sensible of being unable to comprehend rightly the minutest part of it. Should we not (say they) undervalue and laugh at one of our selves, for giving a large patrimony to a booby son, without instructing or breeding him up to understand or enjoy it? But when no other answer is to be well made, the reply to all is, that, as odd as this appears, yet God has done it, and therefore we ought to believe it well done, and highly prudent; which most certainly is a true consequence, if the premises were right; but that will be examined impartially in the following Notes.

(b) *Concern'd.*] A word of a double signification, both of
 being

'Tis (c) only one Man tells another so.
 And for this great Dominion here,
 Which over other Beasts we claim,

Rea-

being interested in a business, and of being troubled at any ill success of it. The word in this place implies both; first, because the doubtful are a part of Mankind who claim this dominion, and so are reasonably inquisitive about it; and secondly, because they have occasion to be troubled upon finding their title to it so very weak, after so much wealth and blood spent in the controversy 'Tis well too, if we are not one day call'd to account, and made to pay dear costs for so contentious a quarrel.

(c) *Only one man.*] Here now comes properly the examination of what ground they go on, who pretend that God has done us this great honour, and that therefore we ought to believe it well and wisely done, whatever incongruities may appear in it; which is a consequence that must certainly be agreed to, if the first part can be as well made out: but alas (say our Sceptics) when we come to that, instead of a proof, there is nothing produced but one poor text in Genesis, whether written by *Moses* or some other man (for that is now disputed among Divines themselves) is of no importance, since a man still, one of our own imperfect, unknowing kind; and, if he is to be credited on his single word against all our sense and reason in a thing also that seems to derogate so much from the infinite wisdom of divine Providence, sure there is need first of proving him infallible; whereas all the proof of that is only derived by tradition from other men still, who therefore cannot certify for one another. 'Tis said also by these Sceptics, that 'tis worth our observing, how the Author of this text of man's dominion over all other creatures has written another very extraordinary one, viz. that God walked in the garden of Eden in the cool of the evenings; which, if excus'd on the account of being only a figurative expression, yet much invalidates a narration of such a vast importance, that Tropes and figures seem a little improper in it. Divines are unwilling to save its credit by the difficulty of our understanding the Hebrew tongue (tho' no ill excuse, since it is allowed to be sometimes unintelligible) for fear of their adversaries making the same objection to other texts as extraordinary, and perhaps to all the old testament. Upon the whole matter, and to end so tedious a Note, 'tis probable the wise author of *Genesis*, for reasons that might be given,

d) Reason, our best credential does appear;

By which indeed we domineer ;

But how absurdly, we may see with shame.

Reason, that solemn trifle! light as air! 10

Driven up & down by censure, (e) or applause:

By partial love, away 'tis blown;

Or the least prejudice can weigh it down ;

F

Thus

given, and many more which we now cannot guess at, had found it fit and necessary to infuse this opinion of man's superiority into the *Jews*. And who knows but it was as needful to encourage them against the beasts of a wilderness in which they wander'd so long, as against the Kings of *Canaan*; whom *Moses*, like a wise leader, assured them before hand, the Lord would deliver into their hands.

(d) *Reason.*] Left their aforefaid argument in defence of this opinion may not appear convincing, Divines have added that of Reason, and set it up to be not only an instance, but an evidence of our title over all things; as being a particular talent and blessing bestowed on mankind alone. But the Deceits evade this again; first, by denying that 'tis a talent peculiar to man, since other animals appear manifestly endued with it, at least to some degree; and, if that degree be found inferior, yet the difference seems as great sometimes between one man and another, and (perhaps they may say merrily) even between themselves and their adversaries: secondly, they find this Reason to be such a narrow, misleading, uncertain faculty, that in their opinion 'tis much unworthy of being the great credential from the most high God for domineering over all our fellow creatures, who indeed seem neither to owe us, nor pay us obedience. And if the boldest maintainer of this opinion would be persuaded to take a walk into a wilderness of wild beasts, shewing his credential among them; 'tis probable they would all pay as great a submission to it, as such a rational action deserv'd.

(e) *Censure, or applause.*] Either of these, if any thing general, is enough to carry away the opinion of most people, who judge more by the ear, than the eye; of which there are ridiculous instances enough. I have seen a man who was popular, not only excused but applauded, on account of the very same action for which another lay justly under a publick odium.

82 ODE on BRUTUS.

Thus our high privilege becomes our snare. (f)
 In any nice, and weighty cause,
 How weak at best is Reason ! yet the Grave
 Impose on that small judgment which we have.

II.

In all those Wits, whose names have spread so wide,
 And ev'n the force of Time defy'd,
 Some failings yet may be descry'd.
 Among the rest, with wonder be it told,
 That *Brutus* is admir'd for *Cæsar's* death ;
 By which he yet survives in Fames immortal breath.
Brutus ! ev'n he, of all the rest,
 In whom we shou'd that deed the most detest,
 Is of Mankind esteem'd the best.
 As Snow descending from some lofty hill,
 Is by its rolling course augmenting still ;
 So from illustrious Authors down have roll'd
 Those great encomiums he receiv'd of old :
 Republick Orators still shew esteem,
 And gild their eloquence with praise (g) of him.

(f) *Snare.*] If we did not trust so much to this noble faculty of reason, but chiefly to our senses as other creatures do ; we should be no more deceived than they are, who seldom play the fool and hurt themselves by their profound considerations as many a wise man does. Was any beast ever seen to leap cheerfully into a fire, like the widows and slaves in *India*. Which tho' wives in these parts are not extremely apt to imitate ; yet even among us, how many people of all religions have suffer'd and sought out death on several accounts, that are not much less unreasonable.

(g) *Praise.*] I believe no man had ever a greater reputation than *Brutus*, not only for learning, parts, and eloquence but for a quality above all that, moral honesty : whose glory therefore I would by no means endeavour to lessen, except

ODE on BRUTUS.

83

But Truth unvail'd, like a bright Sun appears,
To shine away this heap of sev'nteen hundred years

III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illustrious Wit, ^(b) 35
(To whom in all besides I willingly submit)

*That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve
From one who kill'd himself, rather than serve.*

Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay,

That any Master to obey, 40

Happy for Rome had been that noble pride;

The World had then remain'd in peace, & only Brutus;

For he, whole Soul disdains to own [died.

Subjection to a Tyrant's frown, 44

And his own life would rather end, [his Friend.

Wou'd sure much rather kill himself, than only hurt

To his own Sword in the *Philippian* field,

Brutus indeed at last did yield;

But in those times self-killing was not rare;

And his proceeded only from despair: 50

F 2

He

this single action; nor in that neither as to his design in doing it; for I have a real veneration for him, but yet more for truth. I fancy the general partiality for *Brutus* as to his killing *Cæsar*, has proceeded from two causes; first, the common custom of the world to cry up whatever they are like to be the better for; and so on the contrary: as for example, prodigality, a vice equal to avarice, tho' not so fordid, is commonly rather commended than blamed, and called generosity, which is a virtue. Thus in common-wealths (which, by the way, have bred always the best Writers) nothing could be more beneficial than killing any great aspiring person; and therefore those refined Wits put the best gloss upon such inhumanities. The other cause of their partiality is the almost unparallel'd merit of the man, whose very doing a thing was enough to make every body think it just. But nothing is so dangerous as to be led into this sort of mistake for want of considering, that as the worst men do well sometimes, the very best are not infallible.

(b) *Illustrious Wit*. [Mr. Cowley, in his Ode on *Brutus*.

He might have chosen else to live, (i)
 In hopes another *Caesar* would forgive;
 Then for the good of *Rome* he could, once more
 Conspire against a life which had spar'd his before.

IV.

Our Country challenges, our utmost care, 55
 And in our thoughts deserves the tend'rest share;
 Her to a thousand Friends we shou'd prefer,
 But not betray (k) them, tho' it be for her.
 Hard is his heart whom no desert can move,
 A Mistress, or a friend to love, 60
 Above what e'er he does besides enjoy;
 But may he for their sake his Sire, or Sons destroy?
 For sacred Justice or for publick good
 Scorn'd be our wealth our honour & our blood.
 In such a cause want is a happy state, 65
 Even low disgrace would be a glorious Fate;
 And

(i) *Chose to live.*] This is the hardest thing I have said of *Brutus* in this whole Ode; which the thought of *Caesar's* clemency, and his ingratitude has wrung from me: for, tho' a benefactor may carry himself afterwards so unjustly as to forfeit all title to our friendship, and perhaps to our service also; yet to return him evil for good is in my opinion horrible, and the very reverse of *Christ's* excellent sermon of morality. And since he kill'd *Caesar* after receiving a pardon of his life from him, I do *Brutus* no wrong in supposing him again capable of the same fault against another *Caesar*, whom he neither knew, nor loved so well; since the publick good and liberty of *Rome* were as much concern'd in destroying one as the other.

(k) *Betray.*] In this instance of betraying a friend, and in the following one, of destroying ones father, or children, my meaning only is, that whatever obligation or concern we happen to be under, it may be a good reason for sacrificing our interest to it, but not our honesty, by doing any unnatural'd or immoral action.

ODE on BRUTUS.

53

And Death it self when noble Fame survives,
 More to be valu'd than a thousand lives.
 But 'tis not surely of so fair renown,
 To spill another's blood as to expose our own. 70
 Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,
 But what belongs to Friendship, oh ! 'tis sacrilege to
 V. [touch.

(l) *Can we stand by unmov'd, and see
 Our Mother robb'd, and ravish'd? Can we be
 P₁ Excus'd, if in her cause we never stir, 75
 eas'd with the strength and beauty of the Ravisher?*

Thus sings our Bard with almost heat divine;
 'Tis pity that his thought was not as strong (^m) as fine;
 Wou'd it more justly did the case express,
 Or that its beauty, and its grace were less. 80

(Thus a Nymph sometimes we see,

Who so charming seems to be,

That, jealous of a soft surprize,

We scarce dare trust our eager eyes.)

F 3

Such

(l) *Can we.*] In repeating these four verses of Mr. Cowley, I have done an unusual thing; for notwithstanding that he is my adversary in the argument, and a very famous one too, I could not endure to let so fine a thought remain as ill express'd in this Ode, as it is in his; which any body may find by comparing them together. But I would not be understood as if I pretended to correct Mr. Cowley. (tho' expression was not his best talent:) for, as I have mended these few verses of his, I doubt not but he could have done as much for a great many of mine.

(^m) *As strong, as fine.*] I, who oppose his argument, must be allow'd to say 'tis not a good one; tho' at the same time I acknowledge it to be so fine a fallacy, and to have something in it so very sublime, that it imposes on our reason as much as Caesar did on Rome; and may be a little excus'd by that usurper's apophthegm, *si violandum est jus, regnandi causa est.*

Such a fallacious ambush to escape, 85
 It were but vain to plead a willing (n) Rape;
 A Valiant Son wou'd be provok'd the more;
A force we therefore must confess, but acted long
 A Marriage (o) since did intervene, [before.
 With all the solemn, and the sacred scene; 90
 Loud was the *Hymenean* Song,
 The violated Dame walk'd smilingly along,
 And in the midst of the most sacred Dance,
 As if enamour'd of his sight, 95
 Often she cast a kind admiring glance
 On the bold Strugler for delight;
 Who afterwards appear'd so moderate and cool,
 As if for publick good alone he so desir'd to rule.

But

(n) *A rape.*] No body argues well, who does not argue fairly; and therefore I freely admit there was a rape in the case at first, which is not to be defended. Accordingly, if Brutus had kill'd *Cæsar* at the famous battle of *Pharsalia*, he might have prevented this rape, and his own crime besides in revenging it so long afterwards. But, instead of conspiring against his life at that time, he only begg'd his own.

(o) *A marriage since.*] *Cæsar* was inexcusable for doing violence to his country; yet *Rome* at last finding him so mild a governour, and so excellent a person in all respects, submitted chearfully to him; all her greatest men of whom Brutus himself was one, acquiescing entirely under his dictatorship: which has made me carry on Mr. Cowley's metaphor a little farther than he did, and give his violated matron in marriage; supposing *Rome* a wealthy Bride, who, out of kindness and prudence together, is willing enough to make the best of it, and to espouse an agreeable ravisher.

(p) *Fair Truth.*] He was a wise man who said Women were stronger than either the King, or wine; but his wisdom appear'd most in preferring Truth to them all. She has a beauty outshining all the art and eloquence in the world; and I should not wonder to see a very Deist willing to die a martyr for her, tho' he believ'd no resurrection and expected no reward. There was one of that principle lately among the

Turks;

ODE on BRUTUS. 87

VI.

But, oh ! that this were all which we can urge 110
Against a *Roman* of so great a soul !

And that fair Truth (*p*) permitted us to purge
His fact of what appears so foul !

Friendship, that sacred and sublimest thing !

The noblest quality, and chiefest good ! 105

(In this dull Age [*q*] scarce understood)

Inspires us with unusual warmth her injur'd rites to

Assist, ye Angels, [*r*] whose immortal bliss, [sing.

Tho' more refin'd, chiefly consists in this !

F 4

How

Turks; a man of parts, and in nothing fantastical, who, rather than renounce some doctrines he maintain'd against a future life, and the foolish superstition of adoring *Mahomet*, chose to die as calmly and as considerately as *Socrates* himself.

See *Rycauts* Hist. of the Ottoman Empire B. II. Chap. 12.

(*q*) In this base age.] 'Tis almost incredible what the Ancients have written, & really perform'd of friendship. And therefore we see the famous old Tragedies are often turn'd all upon that; whereas ours are only fill'd with Love; which, tho' as tender a concern as the other, yet a Woman being one of the parties, is incapable of many sublime thoughts that arise among the men, a sex so much more knowing and active in the world. And even for softness it self, it will be hard to shew a Scene more moving than that between *Amynstor* and *Melantius* in the *Maids-Tragedy*; which I should be sorry to see without great emotion, since 'tis a shrewd sign of being both dull and ill-natur'd. No body has equall'd the Ancients on this subject, except *Montagne*, who on all subjects has hardly been equall'd by the Moderns. The worst of it is, this friendship is a virtue which does not depend on ones self alone to have; for in such a selfish age, one man, tho' never so capable of it, may look about a great while before he finds out another; and this contract will never hold, without an exact counterpart.

(*r*) Assist ye Angels.] All Religions agree in believing that superiour Beings assist us on some important occasions; but above all Poetry, and especially, this kind of it, has an establish'd right to depend on inspiration. To speak truth, all

How plainly [s] your bright thoughts to one another

Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine! [shine!]

The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run,

A course [t] as far from any end, as when at first
begun.

You saw, [u] and smil'd upon this matchless pair,
Who still betwixt them did so many virtues share;

Some which belong to peace, and some to strife,

Those of a calm, and of an active life, 17

That all the excellence of Human-kind,

Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind;

Which Friendship did so fast and closely bind,

Not the least cement cou'd appear, by which their

[Souls were join'd.

That

all Poets have endeavour'd to hide their vanity under this veil of pretended modesty; nothing seeming more humble than to distrust themselves, and implore assistance, while at the same time they presum'd that something like divine inspiration might shine out in their poems. On which occasion (these notes being already a rambling sort of rapsody) I will venture to say a little on a subject of which others, for ought I can find, have not said much: I mean, of that which Poets call a *Muse*, by whom they pretend to be inspir'd, and is by all understood to be a genius for poetry, to which genius a Poet may be allowed in some measure to pretend, because whoever wants it, tho' with never so good words and smooth cadence, is yet little better than a player at *crambo*. My imperfect notion of a genius is this, which I submit to better judgments; I think it a happy temper of the brain, so equally mix'd of fancy and judgment, that as great heat of imagination is apt to spring all sort of game, so the understanding faculty is still near at hand, to select the good, and to reject the rest.

(s) *How plainly.*] this is according to the universal opinion of Angels, that they need no organs of speech among themselves; and their thoughts are communicated to one another by what the schoolmen call intuition. Which however true or false, is enough for a Poet's applying it to this subject of friend-

That tie which holds our mortal frame , 122
 Which poor unknowing we a Soul and Body name,
 Seems not a composition more divine ,
 Or more abstruse than all that does in Friendship
 VII. shine.

From mighty *Cesar* & his boundless grace ,
 Tho' *Brutus* once at least his life [w] receiv'd ;
 Such obligations [x] , tho' so high believ'd ,
 Are yet but slight in such a case ,
 Where Friendship so possesses all the place , 130
 There is no room for Gratitude ; since he [can be.
 Who so obliges, is more pleas'd, than his fav'd Friend
 F 5 Just

friendship , which seems ev'n among us mortals to have something of divine in it.

(t) *A race as far , &c.*] according to the Christian Faith , the Angels had a beginning, tho' they can have no end; and we have as good an opinion of our own souls also.

(u) *You saw and smil'd.*] Since Angels are suppos'd to be particularly concern'd for mankind , (tho' I confess I think we are very unworthy of that honour) they must needs be pleas'd with seeing in us any sort of virtue , especially this sort of friendship , so much practis'd by themselves.

(w) *Life received.*] Besides that *Brutus* receiv'd his life once from *Cesar* , on the account of the civil war , he was very much suspected to be his Son ; and the more , because of his great fondness of him. 'Tis certain the time of *Cesar's* intrigue with *Servilia* is very consistent with it. But his forgiving him at *Pharsalia* was not so much as the least proof of it ; for the Mother's past favours had been alone sufficient to procure a pardon for her Son , especially with so merciful a nature as *Cesar's*.

(x) *Obligations.*] This to some humours is like enough to appear an over-refinement ; and I expect they will rather fancy to have the pleasure of receiving good turns , let who will take the other of doing them. But I appeal to many , if they have not found the doing a kindness a much greater satisfaction than receiving one. Yet I admit the latter part to be very agreeable also , when 'tis from worthy persons ; being a new instance of their esteem and favour.

Just in the midst of all this noble heat,
 While their great hearts did both so kindly beat;
 That it amaz'd the lookers-on, 135
 And forc'd them to suspect a Father and a Son;
 [Tho here ev'n Nature's self did seem to be outdone]
 From such a Friendship unprovok'd to fall,
 Is horrid, yet I wish that fact were all [y]
 Which does, with too much cause, ungrateful *Brutus*

VIII.

[call

In coolest blood he laid a long design 141
 Against his best and dearest Friend;
 Did even his foes in zeal exceed,
 To spirit others up, to work so black a deed;
 Himself the center [z] where they all did join.
Cæsar, meantime, fearless, and fond of him,
 Was as industrious all the while 147
 To give such ample marks [1] of fond esteem,
 As made the gravest *Romans* smile, [guile,
 To see with how much ease love can the wise be-
 He, whom thus *Brutus* doom'd to bleed, 151
 Did, Did,

(y) *All*] Because a fact committed in passion, or by inadvertence, is nothing in comparison with one done on deliberation, and by a long-laid design: which so far excus'd *Alexander's* killing of *Clytus*, that it has not lessen'd his great fame of being generous and good-natured.

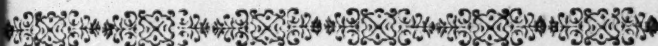
(z) *The center*] This was so great a design, that none but such an extraordinary person as *Brutus* could have brought it about by his influence over all the conspirators; who being the chief Patriots among the noblest people that ever the Sun shined on, I cannot but think *Brutus* appears higher at the head of such an illustrious party, than *Cæsar* himself commanding the whole *Roman* Empire.

(1) *Ample marks*.] *Cæsar* had in a publick manner given *Brutus* the preference to *Cicero*, and to all *Rome* besides, by making him Chief *Prætor* a few days before he kill'd him.

ODE on BRUTUS.

91

Did, setting his own Race aside,
 Nothing less for him provide,
 Than in the World's great Empire [2] to succeed;
 Which we are bound in justice to allow, 155
 Is all-sufficient proof to shew
 That *Brutus* did not strike for his own sake;
 And if, alas, he fail'd, 'twas only by mistake.



The R A P T U R E.

I Yield; I yield, and can no longer stay
 My eager thoughts, that force themselves away.
 Sure, none inspir'd (whose heat transports 'em still
 Above their reason, and beyond their will)
 Can firm against the strong impulse remain: 5
 Censure it self were not so sharp a pain.
 Let vulgar minds submit to vulgar sway;
 What ignorance shall think, or malice say,
 To me are trifles; if the knowing few,
 Who can see faults, but can see beauties too; 10
 Applaud that genius which themselves partake,
 And spare the Poet for the Muse's sake.

The Muse who raises me from humble ground,
 To view the vast and various world around:

How

(2) *Empire.*] It was generally believ'd in Rome, that *Caesar* thought *Brutus* the fittest man to succeed him; which therefore excuses *Brutus* so far, as it is a proof of his preferring the good of the common-wealth not only to his best friend, but to the highest temptation of interest and ambition that could possibly be laid in any man's way.

How fast I mount! in what a wond'rous way
 I grow transported to this large survey!
 I value earth no more, and far below
 Methinks I see the busy pigmies go.
 My soul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
 Above the common tracts of vulgar thought:
 With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
 And with contempt look down on human care.

Airy ambition, ever soaring high,
 Stands first expos'd to my censorious eye.
 Behold some toiling up a slipp'ry hill,
 Where, tho' arriv'd, they must be toiling still:
 Some, with unsteady feet, just fall'n to ground;
 Others at top, whose heads are turning round.
 To this high sphere it happens still that some,
 The most unfit, are forwardest to come;
 Yet among these are Princes forc'd to chuse,
 Or seek out such as would perhaps refuse.

Favour too great is safely plac'd on none;
 And soon becomes a dragon, or a drone.
 Either remiss and negligent of all,
 Or else imperious and tyrannical.

The Muse inspires me now to look agen,
 And see a meaner sort of sordid men
 Doating on little heaps of yellow dust;
 For that, despising honour, ease, and lust.
 Let other Bards, expressing how it shines,
 Describe with envy what the miser finds;
 Only as heaps of dirt it seems to me,
 Where we such despicable vermin see;
 Who creep through filth a thousand crooked ways,
 Insensible of infamy, or praise:

THE RAPTURE.

93

loaded with guilt, they still pursue their course;
Not ev'n restrain'd by love, or friendship's force.

Not to enlarge on such an obvious thought;
Behold their folly, which transcends their fault! 50

Alas, their cares and cautions only tend
To gain the means, and then to lose the end.

Like Heroes in Romances, still in fight
For Mistresses that yield them no delight.

This of all vice, does most debase the mind, 55
Gold is it self th' allay to human-kind.

Oh happy times, when no such thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part, or foës to join!

Cattle, or corn, among those harmless men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and silver then:

Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe, 61
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bribe.

Ev'n traffick now is intercourse of ill,
And ev'ry wind brings a new mischief still;

By trade we flourish in our leaves and fruit, 65
But av'rice and excess devour the root.

Thus far the Muse unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull, less happy sorts of sin;

But, now more pleas'd, she views the different ways
Of luxury, and all its charms surveys. 70

Dear Luxury! thou soft, but sure deceit!
Rise of the mean, and ruin of the great!

Thou sure presage of ill approaching fates!

The bane of Empires, and the change of States:

Armies in vain resist thy mighty pow'r; 75
Not the worst conduct would confound them more.

Thus *Rome* her self, while o'er the world she flew,
And did by virtue all that world subdue,

Was

Was by her own victorious arms oppress'd,
 And catch'd infection from the conquer'd East; 80
 Whence all those vices came, which soon devour
 The best foundations of renown, and pow'r.

But, oh, what need have we abroad to roam,
 Who feel too much the sad effects at home,
 Of wild excess? Which we so plainly find, 85
 Decays the body, and impairs the mind.
 But yet grave sops must not presume from hence
 To slight the sacred pleasures of the sense:
 Our appetites are Nature's laws, and giv'n
 Under the broad authentick seal of Heav'n. 90
 Let pedants wrangle, and let biggots fight,
 To put restraint on innocent delight;
 But Heav'n and Nature's always in the right:
 They wou'd not draw poor wretched mortals in,
 Or give desires that shall be doom'd for sin. 95
 Yet, that in height of harmless joys we may
 Last to old age, and never lose a day,
 Amidst our pleasures we our selves should spare,
 And manage all with temperance and care.
 The Gods forbid but we sometimes may steep 100
 Our joys in wine, and lull our cares asleep:
 It raises Nature, ripens seeds of worth,
 As moist'ning pictures calls the colours forth:
 But if the varnish we too oft apply,
 Alas! like colours, we grow faint and die. 105

Hold, hold, impetuous Muse: I would restrain
 Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;
 Abandon'd to delights she longs to rove;
 I check her here, and now she flies to love.

Shew

THE RAPTURE.

95

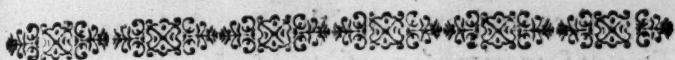
Shews me some rural Nymph by Shepherd chas'd,
 Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd; 110
 The grass by her, as she by him is press'd;
 For shame, my Muse, let fancy guess the rest:
 At such a point fancy can never stay,
 But flies beyond whatever you can say.
 Behold the silent shades, the am'rous grove, 115
 The dear delights, the very act of Love.
 This is his lowest sphere, his country scene,
 Where Love is humble, and his fare but mean;
 Yet springing up without the help of art,
 Leaves a sincerer relish in the heart; 120
 More healthfully, tho' not so finely fed,
 And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
 But 'tis in Courts where most he makes a show,
 And high enthron'd, governs the world below:
 For tho', in Histories, learn'd Ignorance 125
 Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
 Love will in those disguises often smile,
 And knows, the cause was kindness all the while.
 What story, place, or person cannot prove
 The boundless influence of mighty Love? 130
 Where e'er the Sun can vig'rous heat inspire,
 Both sexes glow, and languish with desire.
 The weary'd Swain fast in the arms of sleep
 Love can awake, and often sighing keep:
 And busy gown-men, by fond Love disguis'd, 135
 Will leisure find to make themselves despis'd.
 The proudest Kings submit to beauty's sway;
 Beauty it self, a greater prince than they,
 Lies sometimes languishing with all its pride 140
 By a belov'd, tho' fickle Lover's side.

I meant to flight the soft enchanting charm,
 But, oh, my head and heart are both too warm:
 I doat on womankind with all their faults;
 Love turns my Satyr into softest thoughts;
 Of all that passion which our peace destroys,
 Instead of mischiefs, I describe the joys.
 But short will be his reign (I fear too short)
 And present cares shall be my future sport.
 Then Love's bright torch put out, his arrows broke,
 Loose from kind chains, & from th' engaging yoke,
 To all fond thoughts I'll sing such counter charms,
 The fair shall listen in their lovers arms.

Now the enthusiastick fit is spent,
 I feel my weakness, and too late repent.
 As they who walk in dreams, oft climb too high
 For sense to follow with a waking eye;
 And in such wild attempts are blindly bold,
 Which afterwards they tremble to behold.
 So I review these fallies of my pen,
 And modest reason is return'd agen;
 My confidence I curse, my fate accuse,
 Scarce hold from censuring the sacred Muse.

No wretched Poet of the railing Pit,
 No Critick curs'd with the wrong side of wit,
 Is more severe from ignorance, and spite,
 Than I with judgment against all I write.





On Mr. HOBBS

And his writings.

SUCH is the mode of these censorious days,
 The art is lost of knowing how to praise;
 Poets are envious now, and fools alone
 Admire at wit, because themselves have none.
 Yet, whatsoe'er is by vain Criticks thought, 5
 Praising is harder much than finding fault;
 In homely pieces ev'n the *Dutch* excell,
Italians only can draw beauty well.

As strings, alike wound up, so equal prove
 That one resounding makes the other move; 10
 From such a cause our Satyrs please so much,
 We sympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
 And as the sharp infection spreads about,
 The Reader's malice helps the Writer out.
 To blame, is easy; to commend, is bold; 15
 Yet, if the Muse inspires it, who can hold?
 To merit we are bound to give applause,
 Content to suffer in so just a cause.

While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
 Offancies, ghosts, and every empty shade; 20
 Great *Hobbs* appear'd, and by plain reason's light
 Put such fantastick forms to shamefull flight.
 Fond is their fear, who think men needs must be
 To vice enslav'd, if from vain terrors free;
 The wise and good, morality will guide; 25
 And superstition all the world beside.

G

In

In other Authors, tho' the thought be good
 'Tis not sometimes so easily understood;
 That jewel oft unpolish'd has remain'd,
 Some words should be left out, and some explain'd,
 So that in search of sense we either stray,
 Or else grow weary in so rough a way;
 But here sweet eloquence does always smile
 In such a choice, yet unaffected style,
 As must both knowledge and delight impart,
 The force of reason, with the flowers of art;
 Clear as a beautifull transparent skin,
 Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in:
 Like a delicious stream it ever ran,
 As smooth as woman, but as strong as man.

BACON himself, whose universal wit
 Does admiration through the world beget,
 Scarce more his Ages ornament is thought,
 Or greater credit to his Country brought.

While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
 Malice pursues her, like some bird of prey;
 But once on wing, then all the quarrels cease;
 Envy her self is glad to be at peace,
 Gives over, wearied with so high a flight,
 Above her reach, and scarce within her sight.
Hobbs to this happy pitch arriv'd at last,
 Might have look'd down with pride on dangers past,
 But such the frailty is of human kind,
 Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find;
 Long ripening under ground this *China* lies;
 Fame bears no fruit, till the vain planter dies.
 Thus Nature, tir'd with his unusual length
 Of life which put her to her utmost strength,

MISCELLANIES.

99

Such stock of wit unable to supply,
To spare her self, was glad to let him die.

Written over a Palace gate.

Here lives a man, who by relation
Depends upon predestination;
For which the learned, and the wise
His understanding much despise.
But I pronounce, with loyal tongue,
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how could such a wretch succeed?
But that, alas, it was decreed!

The Miracle, in 1707.

Merit they hate, and wit they slight,
They neither act, nor reason right,
And nothing mind, but pence:
Unskilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
A Council without sense.

So *Moses* once, and *Josua*,
And that virago *Debora*,
Bestrid poor *Israel*:
Like rev'rence pay to these! for who
Could ride a Nation as they do,
Without a Miracle?



ODE on the death of HENRY PURCELL,
set to Musick.

G Ood Angels snatch'd him eagerly on high;
 Joyfull they flew, singing, & soaring thro' the
 Teaching his new fledg'd soul to fly; [sky,
 While we, alas, lamenting lie.
 He went musing all along,
 Composing new their heav'nly song.
 A while his skilful notes loud Hallelujah's drown'd;
 But soon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleasing
 David himself improv'd the harmony, [sound
 David in sacred story so renown'd 10
 No less for Musick, than for Poetry:
 Genius sublime in either art,
 Crown'd with applause surpassing all desert!
 A man just after Gods own heart!
 If human cares are lawfull to the blest,
 Already settled in eternal rest;
 Needs must he wish that *Purcell* only might
 Have liv'd to set what he vouchsaf'd to write.
 For, sure, the noble thirst of fame
 With the frail body never dies,
 But with the soul ascends the skies,
 From whence at first it came.
 Tis sure no little proof we have
 That part of us survives the grave,

And in our fame below still bears a share: 25

Why is the future else so much our care,

Even in our latest moment of despair?

And death despis'd for fame by all the wise & brave?

Oh, all ye blest harmonious quire!

Who pow'r almighty only love, & only that admire!

Look down with pity from your peacefull bow'r 31

On this sad isle perplex'd,

And ever, ever vex'd

With anxious care of trifles, wealth, & pow'r.

In our rough minds due reverence infuse 35

For sweet melodious sounds, and each harmonious

Musick exalts man's nature, and inspires [Mufe.

High elevated thoughts, or gentle, kind desires.



On the loss of an only Son,

ROBERT MARQUIS of NORMANBY.

O Ur mornings gay and shining,

The days our joys declare,

At evening no repining,

And nights all void of care.

A fond transported Mother 5

Was often heard to cry,

Oh, where is such another

So blest'd by Heav'n as I?

A child at first was wanting;
 Now such a Son is sent,
 As parents most lamenting
 In him would find content.

10

A child, of whom kind Heaven
 Not only hope bestows,
 But has already given
 Him all our hopes propose.

15

The happy Sire's possessing
 His share in such a boy,
 Adds still a greater blessing
 To all my other joy.

20

But ah ! this shiny weather
 Became too hot to last;
 Black clouds began to gather,
 And all the sky o'ercast.

So fierce a fever rages,
 We all lie drown'd in tears;
 And dismal sad presages
 Come thund'ring in our ears.

25

The doubts that made us languish,
 Did worse, far worse than kill:
 Yet, oh, with all their anguish,
 Would we had doubted still.

30

But why so much digression
 This fatal loss to show?
 Alas, there's no expression
 Can tell a parent's woe!

0



On Mr. POPE
and his POEMS.

With age decay'd, with Courts & business tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd;
Too serious now a wanton Muse to court;
And from the Critics safe arriv'd in port,
I little thought of launching forth agen, 5
Amidst advent'rous Rovers of the pen;
And after some small undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satyric rhyme; 10
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd!
But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay; 15
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing,
As the great *Iliad*, scarce should make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend. 20
One moral, or a meer well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in Sciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praise.



S T A N Z A S.

When e'er my foolish bent to publick good,
Or fonder zeal for some misguided Prince,
Shall make my dang'rous humour understood,
For changing Ministers for men of sense.

When vainly proud to shew my publick care,
And ev'n aham'd to see three Nations fool'd,
I shall no longer bear a wretched share
In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd.

Then, as old lechers in a winter's night
To yawning hearers all their pranks disclose;
And what decay deprives them of delight,
Supply with vain endeavours to impose:

Just so shall I as idly entertain
Some stripling patriots, fond of seeming wise;
Tell, how I still cou'd great employments gain,
Without concealing truths, or whisp'ring lyes.

Boast of succeeding in my country's cause
Ev'n against some almost too high to blame;
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
I oft have ridicul'd to sense and shame.

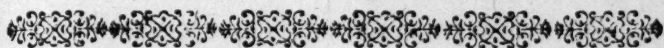
Say, I resisted the most potent fraud;
But friendless merit openly approv'd;
And that I was above the being aw'd,
Not only by my Prince, but thole he lov'd.

Who

MISCELLANIES. 105

Who knows but my example then may please 25
 Such noble, hopefull spirits, as appear
 Willing to slight their pleasures and their ease,
 For fame and honour ? till at last they hear ;

After much trouble born , and danger run ,
 The Crown assisted , and my Country serv'd , 30
 Without good fortune I had been undone ,
 Without a good estate I might have starv'd.



The election of a Poet Laureat in 1719.

A Famous assembly was summon'd of late :
 To crown a new Laureat came Phœbus in state ;
 With all that *Montfaucon* himself could desire ,
 His bow , laurel, harp , and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair ne'er did bullies so juggle , 5
 No county election e'er made such a bustle :
 From garret , Mint , tavern , they all post away ,
 Some thirsting for sack , some ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain
 From *Cibber* and *Durfey* , to *Prior* and *Pope*. [hope,
Phœbus smil'd on these last , but yet ne'er the less 11
 Said , he hop'd they had got enough by the press.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber ,
 Which from *Tonson* to *Curl* ev'ry press had groan'd
 under,

G 5

Came

Came *Blackmore* and cry'd, look ! all these are my
But at present I beg you'd but read my *Essays*. [lays,

Lampooners and Criticks rush'd in like a tyde, 17
Stern *Dennis* and *Gildon* came first side by side.
Apollo confess'd that their lashes had stings,
But beadles and hangmen were never chose Kings.

Steel long had so cunningly manag'd the town, 21
He could not be blam'd for expecting the Crown:
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wish,
But wish'd him good luck in his project of fish.

Lame *Congreve*, unable such things to endure, 25
Of *Apollo* beg'd either a Crown or a cure:
To refuse such a writer *Apollo* was loth,
And almost inclin'd to have granted him both.

When *Buckingham* came, he scarce car'd to be seen
'Till *Phœbus* desir'd his old friend to walk in: 30
But a Laureat Peer had never been known,
The Commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind God had been ne'er so inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of such preferment would only make sport, 31
And laugh'd at all suitors for places at court.

[nam'd,
Notwithstanding this law, yet *Lansdown* was
But *Apollo* with kindness his indolence blam'd; [fear
And said he would choose him, but that he should
An employment of trouble he never could bear. 40

A * Prelate for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo soon miss'd, and he needs not be nam'd;
 Since amidst a whole bench, of which some are so
 No one of them shines so learn'd and polite. [bright,

To *Shippen*, *Apollo* was cold with respect, 45
 Since he for the State could the Muses neglect:
 But said, in a greater assembly he shin'd,
 And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trap, *Young* and *Vanbrugh* expected reward,
 For some things writ well; but *Apollo* declar'd, 50
 That one was too flat, the other too rough,
 And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert Budget came next, and demanding the bays,
 Said, those works must be good, which had *Addison's*
 praise;
 But *Apollo* reply'd, Child *Eusace*, 'tis known, 55
 Most Authors will praise whatsoever's their own.

Then *Phillips*, came forth, as starch as a Quaker,
 Whose simple profession's a pastoral maker;
Apollo advis'd him from Play house to keep,
 And pipe to nought else but his dog and his sheep. 60

Hughes, *Fenton*, and *Gay*, came last in the train,
 Too modest to ask for the crown they wou'd gain:
Phæbus thought them too bashfull, & said they would
 More boldness if ever they hop'd to succeed. [need

Apollo now driv'n to a cursed quandary, 65
 Was wishing for *Swift*, or the fam'd Lady *Mary*:
 Nay

* Dr. *Asterbury*. Bishop of Rochester.

Nay had honest *Tom Southern* but been within call :
But at last he grew wanton , and laugh'd at them all.

And so 'spying one who came only to gaze ,
A hater of Verse , and despiser of Plays :
To him in great form , without any delay
(Tho' a zealous fanatick) presented the Bay.

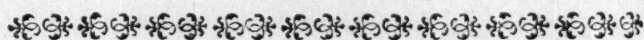
70

All the Wits stood astonish'd , at hearing the God
So gravely pronounce an election so odd :
And tho' *Prior* and *Pope* only laugh'd in his face ,
Most others were ready to sink in the place.

75

Yet some thought the vacancy open was kept ,
Concluding the bigot would never accept :
But the Hypocrite told them , he well understood ,
Tho' the function was wicked, the stipend was good.

At last in rush'd *Eusden*, and cry'd , who shall have it,
But I , the true *Laureat* , to whom the King gave it ?
Apollo beg'd pardon , and granted his claim ;
But vow'd tho , 'till then he ne'er heard of his name.



On the Times.

Since in vain our Parsons teach ,
Hear , for once , a Poet preach.
Vice has lost its very name ,
Skill and coz'nage thought the same ;
Only playing well the game.
Foul contrivances we see
Call'd but ingenuity.

3
}

6

Am

MISCELLANIES.

109

Ample fortunes often made
 Out of frauds in ev'ry trade,
 Which an aukward Child afford 10
 Enough to wed the greatest Lord.
 The miser starves to raise a Son;
 But, if once the fool is gone,
 Years of thrift scarce serve a day,
 Rake-hell squanders all away. 15
 Husbands sneaking for a place,
 Or toiling for their pay;
 While the wives undo their race
 By petticoats and play.
 Breeding boys to drink and dice, 20
 Carrying girls to Comedies,
 Where Mama's intrigues are shown,
 Which e'er long will be their own.
 Having first at sermon slept,
 Tedious day is weekly kept 25
 By worse Hypocrites, than men,
 Till monday comes to cheat agen.
 Ev'n among the noblest-born,
 Moral virtue is a scorn;
 Gratitude, but rare at best; 30
 And fidelity a jest.
 All our wit but party-mocks:
 All our wisdom, raising flocks:
 Counted folly to defend
 Sinking side, or falling friend. 35
 Long an Officer may serve;
 Prais'd, and wounded, he may starve:
 No receipt to make him rise,
 Like inventing loyal lyes.

We,

We, whose ancestors have shin'd
 In arts of peace, and fields of fame;
 To ill and idleness inclin'd,
 Now are grown a publick shame.
 Fatal that intestine jar,
 Which produc'd our civil war!
 Ever since, how sad a race!
 Senseless, violent, and base!



*On the Duke of YORK,
 Banished to Brussels.*

I feel a strange impulse, a strong desire,
 (For what vain thoughts will not a Muse inspire?)
 To sing on lofty subjects, and to raise
 My own low fame, by writing *James's* praise.
 Oft have we heard the wonders of his youth;
 Observ'd those seeds of fortitude and truth,
 Which since have spread so wide, so wond'rous high,
 The good distress'd beneath that shelter'd lie.
 In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,
 And in the midst of mighty Chiefs admir'd.
 Of all Heav'n's gifts, no temper is so rare,
 As so much courage, mix'd with so much care.
 When martial fire makes all the spirits boil,
 And forces youth to military toil;
 No wonder it should fiercely then engage;
 Women themselves will venture in a rage:
 But in the midst of all that furious heat,
 While so intent on actions brave and great,

MISCELLANIES.

III

For other lives to feel such tender fears,
And careless of his own, to care for theirs; 20
Is that composure which a Hero makes,
And which illustrious York alone partakes,
With that great * Man whose fame has flown so far,
Who taught him first the noble art of war.

Oh wondrous pair, whom equal virtues crown!
Oh worthy of each other's vast renown! 26
None but *Turenne* with *York* could glory share,
And none but *York* deserve so great a Master's care.

Scarce was he come to bless his native isle,
And reap the soft rewards of glorious toil, 30
But, like *Alcides*, still new dangers call
His courage forth, and still he vanquish'd all.

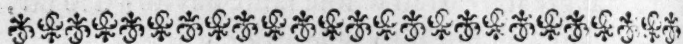
At sea, that bloody scene of boundless rage,
Where floating castles in fierce flames engage,
(Where *Mars* himself does frowningly command,
And by Lieutenants only fights at land) 36
For his own fame howe'er he fought before,
For *England's* honour yet he ventur'd more.

In those black times, when faction raging high
Valour and innocence were forc'd to fly: 40
With *York* they fled; but not deprest his mind,
Still, like a diamond in the dust it shin'd.
When from afar his drooping friends beheld
How in distress he ev'n himself excell'd;
How to his envious fate, his country's frown, 45
His brother's will, he sacrific'd his own;
They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more
But that just Heav'n would all our joys restore.

So, when black clouds surround Heav'n's glorious
Tempestuous darkness coving all the place; [face,
If

* The Marechal de *Turenne*.

If we discern but the least glimm'ring ray
Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,
The chearfull sight our fainting courage warms;
Fix'd upon that, we fear no future harms.



On the Deity.

Wretched mankind! void both of strength & skill
Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill!

In merit humble, in pretension high;
Among them none, alas, more weak than I;
And none more blind: tho' still I worthless thought
The best I ever spoke, or ever wrote. 6

But zealous heat exalts the humblest mind;
Within my soul such strong impulse I find
The heav'nly tribute of due praise to pay:
Perhaps 'tis sacred, and I must obey. 10

Yet such the subjects, various, and so high!
Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous effects of boundless pow'r!
And that as boundless goodness shining more!
All these, so numberless, my thoughts attend, 15
Oh where shall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,
So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse,
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuse.

While others vainly strive to know thee more, 20
Let me in silent reverence adore;
Wishing that human pow'r were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy Angels in their high degree;
Created worthy of extolling thee!

F I N I S.

T H E
TRAGEDY
O F
JULIUS CESAR,
A L T E R E D :

With a Prologue & Chorus,

By his Grace

JOHN DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.



L O N D O N ;
Printed for the Company.

FRAGDY

ULLUS CESSAR

ALL THE

By the Grace

By the Grace

DURE & BUCKINGHAM



LONDON

Printed for the Company



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P R O L O G U E

To the Alteration of

JULIUS CÆSAR.

*H*ope to mend Shakespear! or to match his style!*'Tis such a jest, would make a Stoick smile.**Too fond of fame, our Poet soars too high;**Yet freely owns he wants the wings to fly:**So sensible of his presumptuous thought,**That he confesses while he do's the fault:**This to the Fair will no great wonder prove,**Who oft in blushes yield to what they love.**Of greatest actions, and of noblest men,**This story most deserves a Poet's pen.**For who can wish a scene more justly fam'd,**When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd?**That State of Heroes, who the world had brav'd!**That wondrous man, who such a State enslav'd!**Yet loth he was to take so rough a way,**And after govern'd with so mild a sway,**At distance now of sev'nteen hundred years,**Methinks a lovely ravisher appears;**Whom, tho' forbid by virtue to excuse,**A Nymph might pardon, and could scarce refuse.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Dictator.

BRUTUS

CASSIUS

DEC. BRUTUS } Conspirators,

TREBONIUS }

CASCA }

M. ANTONIUS, A friend of *Cæsar*.

JUNIUS, one of *Cæsar*'s freed men.

PORTIA, Wife of *Brutus*.

LUCIUS, one of his Servants.

SPURINNA, a Soothsayer.

Senators, Priests, Tradesmen & Citizens.

This Play begins the day before *Cæsar*'s death,
and ends within an hour after it.

A C T. I.

S C E N E I.

*Enter two Roman Senators at one door,
Trebonius and Casca at another.*

I Senator.

Hail, good Trebonius.

Sen. Health to worthy Casca.

Will you go with us to the sports to-day?

Sen. Before this *Cas*ar's time, we had no shews,
Magnificent as these.

Treb. But we had Triumphs:

And tho' the Conqueror fate high exalted,

We all partook both of his fame and merit:

The gaz'd-on Warriour in the gilded Chariot

Enjoy'd his fill of fame, but as *Rome's* Subject:

And to his great renown in glorious arms,

A higher, much more valu'd crown, was added;

Immortal praise for serving well his Country.

Cas. Oh how our hearts were fir'd at *Pompey's*
Triumphs!

The blood more lively danc'd within our veins:

The very image of it strikes my fancy!

It seems I see a thousand noble Captives

Trooping with grief, which yet was lighter made

H 3

By

By his kind usage. After came the Treasures;
 Our Treasures! for it was not then as now,
 When one man's greedy gripe ingrosses all;
 We did not, as Law-Suitors for contention,
 Disburse more charges than the prize was worth;
 Grow beggars, only to make others rich.

Treb. But then, at last, behold ev'n captive Kings
 In golden chains with pensive thought look down,
 Remembring they had us'd their Subjects worse.

Cas. Yet shew'd a gloomy comfort through their
 For being vanquish'd by so brave a people. [*sadness*]

Treb. Which of us, then, oh which of us went
 From such a spectacle unmov'd with joy, [*home*]
 With virtuous pride, to see our blood well spent,
 Our treasures manag'd, and our glory rais'd?

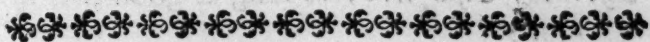
Cas. Yet ev'n to *Pompey*, chief of all our State,
 No Roman but disdain'd a mean submission;
 A tribute only owing to the Gods.

Treb. But now we crouch, & stand in servile awe
 Like children, fear the goblin we have made.
 This *Cæsar*, tho' *Dictator*, is our creature,
 And from election all his pride proceeds.

Cas. We meet these murmurs now in ev'n
 Ill-boding sounds to late unsettled power, [*mouth*]
 Like new-built houses, easily blown down.

Treb. Yet *Cæsar*, still intrepidly serene,
 Goes proudly on, despising us, and danger.





S C E N E I I.

Enter a Croud of Common Tradesmen.

C A S C A.

What's all this Croud, and whither are ye going,
My gazing fellow-Citizens? to wait

On your own shame, & stare upon your bondage?

Trad. I know not what you mean by shame and
We go to see great *Cæsar*, and the sports. [bondage
Cæs. And much good do you, friend; you little
think,

The man you so admire would be your Master.

Trad. My Master! he would scorn so mean a
Servant. [*Cæsa* laughs.

I hope you will not jest at mighty *Cæsar*?

Cæs. I only laugh at you for loving *Cæsar*. [me;

Trad. Oh, is that all? well Sir, make bold with
But have a care of meddling with your betters.

Cæs. Betters! thou sawcy Citizen, be silent.

Trad. Then I am hush'd. Speak you, Sir.

Cæs. What to fools?

To men, whose minds are sunk in low submission?
Born free, and yet contented to be slaves?

Form'd like the dull, strong horse, to bear a rider?

Well, we may wish, and vent our rage in curses:

May *Cæsar*----

Trad. Hold; and hear if he speaks treason.

H 2

Cæs.

Cas. May *Cæsar* live, as long as good men wish him?

Trad. Why, what does this man mean? he prays for *Cæsar*.

Long may he live *Rome's* great, and wise Dictator!

Treb. Oh, my good friends, how blind are those desires!

Did you but know how much you curse your selves,
No People, sure, would be such self-destroyers,
Tho' but in wish. Did ever men before
Pray for continuance of a tyrant ague, [bles,
That shakes their very souls? See, how *Rome* trem-
And looks all pale, with loss of guiltless blood!
Who has not lost a kinsman, or a friend,
Whose honest life the war has sacrific'd
To this man's wild ambition?

Nay, are not you dead too? Since in his power
To kill you when he pleases? with this difference;
That death, once come, frees ye from all its force,
Which every hour ye now expect with terror.
Before this fatal time each good man here
Was Master of the world, and shar'd the power;
Kings waited on your votes, & watch'd your wills:
But now (I weep to say how sad a change!)
The greatness, nay the goodness of this *Cæsar*,
Is founded on our baseness: for, alas!
What must we be, to be forgiv'n by him?
And do you think, because he gives you pleasures,
Treats you with shows, and popular appearance,
That all this seeming softness is not shadow?
A very trick to lull your thoughts asleep,
And then subject them? make them mild, & tame.

Fit

Fit for the servile use of being Subjects?
 Those lofty thoughts, which like true mettled hawks
 Were us'd to fly so strong, and soar so high,
 Which Nature has design'd to prey on Tyrants,
 And not to serve them; now are whistled off
 With every pageant pomp, and gawdy show.
 For shame, repent of such a childish folly;
 And rather tear, like *Cato*, your own bowels,
 Than live to see your Country torn by Tyrants.

Cas. And *Pompey* too, methinks, should be remem-
 Who died for you so lately; on whose ruin [ber'd,
 This *Cæsar* stands, and scorns us all beneath him.

Treb. See if they are not mov'd; the Roman soul
 Now swells within them. Go, my worthy friends;
 And, if you needs will see your Tyrant's Triumph,
 Gaze on him then with angry envious eyes:
 Be every one a *Basilisk* to him;
 Kill him with staring.

1 *Citiz.* Farewell worthy Lords!
 You love your Country, and we love you for it.

Treb. Shall we not be accus'd for this?

Cas. No matter;
 We break no laws either of Gods or men:
 So, if we fall, it is with reputation;
 A fate which cowards shun, and brave men seek.
 If *Cæsar* punish men for speaking truth,
 My honest tongue shall dare his utmost doom.
 But here he comes, with all that pomp and pride
 In which young pow'r so childishly delights.



SCENE III.

Enter CÆSAR attended by Antony, Brutus, Cassius, and many other Senators: Sits down in a magnificent seat to behold several divertisements after the Roman manner: when the sports are ended, Antony presents him a Crown.

ANTONY.

HAil, mighty man! thou Godlike *Cæsar*, hail!
 Stoop to our wishes, and vouchsafe to wear
 This Crown, presented thee by all mankind:
 Shine on us, like the Sun, in your full lustre;
 While *Rome* reviv'd lies basking in your beams,
 And flourishes beneath that kindly heat.
 Adorn us with your pow'r, and make us proud
 Of being Subjects to so great a King.

Cæsar descends from his seat to the middle of the stage.

Cæsar. I am not call'd your King, but your Dictator;

A name I hope, that bears as great a sound;
 If not, 'tis no vain titles that can help it:
 Therefore I both refuse and slight a Crown,
 Which can add nothing to my pow'r, or *Rome's*.

He puts back the Crown with his hand, at which the People shout for joy.

I'm

I'm glad, my friends, you are so easily pleas'd
With my refusing what I think below me;
Were it above me, I should quickly reach it.
Your Kings, it seems, exerted power so ill,
That you expell'd the hated Name for ever.
But 'tis the tyranny, not name, ye fear;
And that my soul abhors, as much as you.
Witness, ye Gods, I have no other aim
Than to advance your good, and my own honour.

Ant. Take then this Crown, which seems so much
for both;

(Offering the Crown once more.

For pow'r well plac'd, can never be too great.

*Cæsar refuses it, and they
shout a second time.*

Cæs. Again! this needs not; 'tis unseemly joy,
It looks as if you doubted me before
And are surpris'd to find my moderation.

Ant. 'Tis I, Sir, am surpris'd; but 'tis with grief,
To see you shun a pow'r, you ought to seek;

He offers the Crown the third time.

At least, reject it not with such irreverence;
Crowns are the fairest presents of the Gods.

*(Here refuses it again, and they shout
the third time.*

Cæs. Again!

Peace, you unmannerly, unthinking crowd!
Are you so pleas'd? and have I no way left
But this, to be as popular as *Pompey*?
How have I us'd my pow'r, that you should fear it?
Then, to be more secure, here take my life:
I freely offer it to every *Roman*.

Let

Let out that blood, you think boils with ambition;
 I'd rather lose it, than out-live my fame;
 Nor would accept of pow'r, unless to please.
 I feel their pulses, and I find them beat

(*To Antony aside.*)

Fev'rish, and high, unfit for my designs:
 Their reason lost, they rave for liberty,
 Like lunatics, confin'd for their own good,
 Strive for a fatal freedom to be ruin'd.

Ant. Therefor in pity, Sir, restrain them more.

Cæs. I'll guard them from themselves, their own
 worst foes,

And will have pow'r to do whate'er I please;
 Yet bear my thunder in a gentle hand.

Like *Jove*, I'll sit above; but 'tis to show
 My love and care of all the world below.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Some other sports are in the field of *Mars*,
 And only wait your presence.

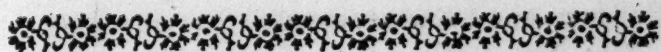
Cæs. Let us go.

The ev'ning is far spent, it will be dark;
 And I, thou know'st, have not been well to-day.

(*To Brutus.*)

Exeunt Cæsar, and Antony.





SCENE IV.

CASSIUS.

Will you not wait on *Cæsar* to the Courſe?

Brut. Not I.

Cass. How ſo?

Brut. I am not fit for ſports;

I want the airy humour of *Marc Antony*.

Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your deſires.

Cass. *Brutus*, I have obſerv'd you much of late;

I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs

And ſhow of love, which I was uſ'd to find:

pardon my cares, that only come from kindneſs;

Your carriage is a little too reſerv'd,

And ſtrange, to friends who would be more familiar.

Brut. *Cassius*, miſtake me not; if I have veil'd

My look, I turn the trouble of my countenance

Meerly upon my ſelf: I am of late

Troubled with paſſions of a different nature,

Conceptions only proper to my ſelf,

Which gives perhaps ſome ſoil to my behaviour.

But let not therefore my good friends complain,

(Amongſt which number *Cassius* is the chief)

Nor miſinterpret farther my neglect;

But think poor *Brutus*, with himſelf at war,

Forgets the ſhows of love to other men.

Cass. I am moſt glad to find I was miſtaken.

That error made this breſt of mine conceal

Thoughts

Thoughts of great value, worthy of your ear.

Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Brut. No, *Cassius*, for the eye sees not it self,
But by reflexion from some other thing.

Cass. Tis just: then know, 'tis much lamented,
Brutus,

That you have no such mirror as might show!
(Spite of your modesty your own hid worth;)
That you for once might see the noble shadow.
I have heard some, of the best rank in *Rome*
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) talk of *Brutus*;
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Brut. Into what dangers wou'd you lead me, *Cassius*,
That you would have me look into my self
For that which is not in me?

Cass. Brutus, hear:

And since, you know, you cannot see your self
So well as by reflexion; I, your glass,
Will without all disguise discover now
That of your self, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*.
Were I some slight Buffoon, or us'd to flatter;
To cloy each man I meet with proffer'd love,
And then betray him; did I use to fawn
And hug men hard, then crush them with my scandal;
Or if you ever knew me riotous
To loss of reason, then you might suspect me.
What shouts are these? (A great shout.)

Brut. I hope, like those just now,
For joy, that *Cæsar* has refus'd the Crown.

Cass.

Cass. If you hope that, you would not have him King.

Brut. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well.

Cass. And do you think he would forgive that wish, Or would accept your love, with that allay?

Brut. If just, he will; and, if unjust, I care not.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

I see you labour with some weighty thing.

If it be towards the gen'ral good, speak quickly;

I am in haste to meet your noble thoughts.

Set Virtue in my eye and let grim Death

Shake his unheeded dart, I'll still be fix'd.

For, may the Gods so help me, as, for Honour,

I look indifferently on life or death.

Cass. I know your virtue, *Brutus*, & dare trust it.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but for my single self,

I'll chuse much rather not to live at all,

Than live to be in awe of any thing.

I was born free as *Cæsar*; so are you;

We both are bred as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

For, once upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled *Tiber* turn'd into a foam;

Cæsar says to me, *Cassius*, dar'st thou now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point? Upon the word

Accoutred as I was, I plung'd me in,

And bade him follow; so indeed he did:

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it,

With lusty sinews throwing it aside,

But

But yet, e're we could reach the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, help me, *Cassius*, or I sink!
 Just as *Aneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the flames of *Troy* bear on his shoulders
 The old *Anchises*, I, from *Tiber's* waves
 Bore the tir'd *Cæsar*. Yet this feeble man
 Is now become a God; and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his body;
 If *Cæsar* give him but a careless nod.
 A strange disease possesses him sometimes;
 This day I saw him fall into his fit;
 (That which delay'd the sports till afternoon)
 'This God has fall'n to ground, and foam'd at mouth,
 His limbs have trembled, and his eyes have roll'd,
 Yet now his look must awe the trembling world.
 Nay, I have heard him groan, like a sick girl;
 And that smooth tongue which us'd to move so
 And make the *Romans* set down all it said, [much,
 Would falter then, and stammer out strange things.
 Gods! why should one of such a feeble temper
 Be set upon the top of all this world,
 To look down on mankind?

(A shout.

Brut. Another shout! Sure *Rome* is turn'd a Revel!

(Another shout.

I fear at least they crown him with applause.

Cass. Why, man, he now bestrides the narrow
 world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
 To find our selves dishonourable graves.
 Men, at sometimes, are Masters of their fates;

The

The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,
 But in our selves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and *Cæsar*! where's the difference?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Shout *Brutus*, and the echo is as loud:
Brutus and *Cæsar*! conjure with those names,
Brutus will start a spirit, as soon as *Cæsar*.
 Now in the name of all the Gods at once,
 On what high fame does this our *Cæsar* feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost thy breed of noble blood!
 When did there pass an age, since time first was,
 That the whole world resounded but one man?
 When could they say, till now, who talk'd of *Rome*,
 That her wide walls contain'd one single Heroe?
 O, you and I have heard our Fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, who kill'd his Sons,
 And would have slain his dearest friend, nay Father,
 Rather than suffer *Rome* to be enslav'd.

Brut. That *Cassius* loves me, I am nothing jealous:
 What you would work me to, I have some aim;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount here after; for this present,
 I would not (if with love I might intreat it)
 Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience bear, and find a time
 Both fit to hear, and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, remember this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
 A worthless stranger, than a son of *Rome*,

Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cass. I am happy,
That my weak words have drawn thus much from
Brutus.

*Excessive thunder and lightning,
on a suddain.*

Brut. A suddain storm! I'll leave you, noble *Cassius*,
We are observ'd. At midnight, if you please
We'll meet again, and talk of this more largely.

Cass. I will not fail to wait on worthy *Brutus*.
Exit Brutus.

SCENE V.

Enter CASCA to CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

WHo's there?

Cas. A Roman.

Cass. *Casca*, By your voice.

Casc. Your ear is good. the air is strangely chang'd.

Cass. A very harmless air to honest men.

Casc. Who ever knew the Heavens threaten so?

Cass. Who ever knew the earth so full of faults?

For my part, I'll walk still about the streets,
Submitting to the dangers of the storm;
Unbutton'd thus, and careless, as you see,
Will bare my bosom to the thunderbolt,
Just as the fiery flash begins to dart.

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Cass. But wherefore would you so much tempt the Gods?

Sure, 'tis our part rather to fear, and tremble,
When they, for causes to poor men unknown,
Send dreadfull Heralds to denounce a war.

Cass. You are dull, *Casca*, and those sparks of fire
That should inflame a Roman breast, you want,
Or else dissemble: you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and lose your self in wonder,
Too see this strange disorder in the Heavens:
Think on the earth, good *Casca*; think on *Rome*;
Iffery Meteors, and fool-frighting Ghosts,
If monstrous births, and strange portentous things,
As you believe, break Nature's settled course,
'Tis to accompany this monstrous State.

I could now, *Casca*, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadfull night, which thunders,
lightens,

Tears open graves, and keeps us all in terrors:
A man no mightier than thy self, or me,
In real might, in worth; yet grown a Giant;
And every *Roman* else seems but a Pigmy.

Cass. It is not hard to guess the man you mean.

Cass. No matter for his name; for *Romans* now
Have limbs, and sinews, like their ancestors;
But where the minds of all our famous Fathers?
Dead, dead with them! we have our mothers spirits;
'Tis womanish to see, and suffer this.

Cass. Indeed, they say, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to establish *Cæsar* for their King;
And he shall wear his Crown by sea and land,
In every place, but here in *Italy*.

Cass. I know where I shall wear this dagger then.
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*.
 Herein the poor are rich, the weak most strong;
 By this, the wretched mock at base oppression;
 The meanest are victorious o'er the mighty.
 Not tow'rs of stone, nor walls of harden'd brass
 Nor airless dungeons, the poor strength of Tyrants
 Not all their strongest guards, nor heaviest chains
 Can in the least controul the mighty spirit.
 For, noble life, when weary of it self,
 Has always power to shake it off, at pleasure.
 Since I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny prepar'd for me,
 I can and will defy.

Cas. And so can I.

Thus ev'ry bondman in his own hand bears
 The pow'r to cancel his captivity.

Cass. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?
 Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the *Romans* are but sheep:
 He were no Lion, if we were not lambs.
 But oh, disorder'd grief, where hast thou led me!
 I speak, perhaps, before a willing bondman,
 One whom tame fools miscall a mod'rate man,
 That is, a mean complier with the times.
 But I am arm'd within against all dangers.

Cas. *Cassius*, you speak to *Casca*, to a man
 Whose thoughts have all this while outgone you
 Here take my hand, and make what use of it (words
 The times and our necessities require;
 I am resolv'd.

Cass. Then, there's a bargain made.

Now know, good *Casca*, I have mov'd already
 Some of the boldest noblest minded *Romans*
 To undertake with me an enterprize
 Of honourable, dang'rous consequence.
 They now all stay for me in *Pompey's* porch,
 (And such a night as this requires a shelter)
 A night, that's like the noble work in hand,
 All black, and terrible! but soft! Stand close.

(Enter *Trebonius*.)

Casc. Trebonius, now I know him by his gait.

Cass. He is a friend; pray hold, whither so fast?

Treb. To look out you, who's that, *Metellus*
Cimber?

Cass. No 'tis our *Casca*, one as bold, and honest,
 Am I not stay'd for?

Treb. What a night is this?

There's two or three of us have seen strange fights!

Cass. Well, let 'em see them. tell me, am I flaid for?

Treb. You are.

Cassius, if you could prevail with *Brutus*;
 He, as a band, would tye our party strong.

Casc. Why is not *Brutus* one? I thought him sure.

Cass. Be you content. *Trebonius*, take this scrole,
 And look you lay it in the ready way,

Where *Brutus* needs must find it; then, throw this
 At his window; set this up with wax

Upon old *Brutus's* statue: all this done,

Repair to *Pompey's* porch, where you shall find us.

Decius Brutus, and *Marullus* there?

Treb. All, all are there, except *Metellus Cimber*,
 And he is gone to seek you at your house.

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Cass. Away then, lose no time: Come, my good
Caſca,

We will go viſit *Brutus* yet e're day:
Three parts of that good man are ours already,
And, on the next aſſault, he yields entire.

Caſc. Oh, he ſits high in all the people's hearts.

Cass. So, that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like the great art of Chymiſts,
Will change to vertue, and to noble deeds.

Caſc. Him and his worth, and our great need of
him

You have conſider'd well. Come let's make haſte.

Cass. The Sun that ſees him next, ſhall find him
ours

Exeunt.

End of the firſt Act.



*Instead of the Muſick uſually plaid between
the Acts, the following verſes are, after
this Act, to be ſung by a Chorus repre-
ſenting the Roman People.*

Firſt Chorus.

I.

W Hither is *Roman* Honour gone?
Where is our ancient Virtue now?
That Valour which ſo bright has ſhone,
And with the wings of Conqueſt flown,
Muſt to a haughty Maſter bow;

Wh

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Who with our toil our blood & all we have beside,
Gorges his ill got power, his humor & his pride.

I I.

Fearless he will his life expose;
So does a Lyon or a Bear.
His very vertues threaten those
Who more his bold Ambition fear.
How stupid wretches we appear,
Who round the world for wealth & Empire roame,
Yet never never think what slaves we are at home!

I I I.

Did Men for this together joyn,
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
What other Beast did e'er design
The setting up his fellow Creature?
And of two mischiefs chuse the greater?
Oh rather than be slaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildness & our woods, our huts &

I V. [caves again.

There secure from lawless sway,
Out of Pride or Envy's way,
Living up to Natures rules
Not depraved by Knaves & Fools,
Happily we all should live, & harmless as our Sheep,
And at last as calmly dye as Infants fall asleep.





A C T. I I.

S C E N E I.

BRUTUS *alone, in his house, undrest.*

HE would be King; nay will be, if he lives;
 This most important day disclos'd that secret:
 Ambition, like a mad tempestuous sea,
 Swell'd him above the bounds of wise dissembling,
 And ended all our hopes of future freedom.
 Justice and liberty, farewell for ever!
 If *Brutus* is thus sensible of slav'ry,
 I who am *Cæsar's* friend, and partial for him;
 What is it then to others? to those thousands
 Who must lye heap'd in dust, to raise him higher?
 But my own words reproach me; can I call
 Myself his friend, and yet consent to kill him?
 By Heav'n, no less than plain ingratitude!
 That heavy load presses my tender mind;
 I cannot bear it. Nay this *Cæsar* also
 Is humbly brave, and gentle in his greatness;
 Apt for converse, and easy of access;
 Skill'd in all arts, matchless in Eloquence;
 In war and business indefatigable.
 Bounteous as Nature, merciful as Heav'n;

In all sublime, high, and unparallel'd.
Yet oft Humility is but the ladder,
By which the ambitious Climber gets so high;
But, when he once attains the utmost round,
Then straight he throws the useless Engine down,
Looks in the Clouds, and scorns the low degrees
By which he did ascend. Then *Rome* is lost!
But is there no way left us but his death?
What kill the best, and bravest of mankind,
Only for jealousy of being slaves?
Oh dismal sound! Who can dread that too much?
The fear of slavery is fortitude.
And to advise him? No 'tis easier
To kill a Tyrant amidst all his guards,
Than give him counsel for his country's good.
This *Cæsar's* prudence may a while restrain him;
But if ambition once transports his mind
Down sink at once all thoughts of right, or reason.
Goodness of Nature makes some struggle in him;
But even that goodness will incline to think,
Rome shall be happier, when himself is higher.
Lucius awake; what ho! why *Lucius*!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
Lucius awake, awake!

Luc. Call you my Lord?

Brut. Get me a taper in my study, boy;
Then, come and call me strait.

Exit Lucius; re-enters immediately.

Luc. Here is a scroll
Newly thrown in at window, fast seal'd up.

Brut. Give it me, boy, and haste to light the taper.

[*Exit Lucius.*

'Tis

Tis not yet day, but such a fiery night,
 That I may make a shift to read this parchment,
Brutus, awake; for *Rome* has lost her rest [*Reads*.
 And takes it ill that thou shouldst sleep so soundly:
 Awake, and strike! ---- there was a *Brutus* once----
 And *Tarquin*---- ha, thus I must piece it out.
 There was a *Brutus* who redeem'd his country,
 And did what now we all expect from thee.
 Shall *Rome*----'tis dark, but sure it must be thus.

[*Reads*.
 Shall *Rome*, the Mistress of the prostrate world,
 Be ravish'd by a Tyrant? *Brutus*, strike.
 O *Rome*! and dost thou call upon thy *Brutus*?
 Am I thought worthy of thy choice? 'tis done;
 Thou shalt not wait for aid that I can bring thee.

Enter Lucius again.

Luc. Some body knocks at gate, Sir, shall I open?

Brut. See, who 'tis first; go boy, and bring me
 word. [*Exit Lucius.*

Would it were over once; I can not rest:
 In such a plot there is no peace of mind:
 The harshness of this deed would sink my spirits,
 Did not assisting justice hold me up.

Enter Lucius with a taper.

Luc. 'Tis *Cassius*, my Lord.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, but I could not well perceive the rest,
 Their faces are so muffled in their robes.

Brut. Let them come in. They are the faction!

SCENE II.

Enter Cassius and the rest of the Conspirators muffled in their robes.

WELCOME, good brother *Cassius*: welcome all
Cass. Welcome the hour that brings us thus toge-
Brut. Know I these men? [ther.

Cass. You know them, and their hearts,
Which are all set upon the noble *Brutus*.
This is *Trebonius*; this *Decius Brutus*;
This *Cinna*, *Casca*, and *Metellus Cimber*:
Your friends, and followers, all.

Brut. They are most welcome.

Cass. Brutus, a word. [They whisper.

Cass. If *Brutus* will but join,
Our fabrick's firm, and nothing then can shake it:
He is the cement that must hold us fast.

Brut. Well, noble Lords, I am at last resolv'd;
Ev'n against friendship justice has prevail'd,
Give me your resolute hands.

Cass. And let us swear.

Brut. No Oath: the cause already is so sacred,
There is no need of Oaths to make it more:
If sense of slavery, and noble shame,
If thirst of honest fame in after Ages,
If glorious justice cannot move our souls,
They are too weak for such a deed as this;

Break

Break off betimes, and every *Roman* here
 Retire with blushes to his idle bed;
 And then let Tyranny for ever range,
 Till each man falls unpity'd: but if these
 (As who dares make a doubt) are noble *Romans*;
 What needs a tie among us but our words?
 Plain honesty to honestly engag'd,
 That *Cæsar* shall not live to laugh at cowards.
 Let Priests, and Women swear, and feeble minds,
 Which, wav'ring still, need such a childish check:
 We are above such helps, and steady bear
 Our even souls, without one doubtful start.
 What *Roman* dares be base in such a business?
 Reckon his guilt, and shame, he ventures more
 Than if he did attempt ten thousand Tyrants.

Cass. But what of *Cicero*? shall we sound him?
 His gravity will countenance our heat.

Treb. No need of that, now *Brutus* is engag'd.

Brut. I know him well, believe him just and wise:
 Yet vanity a little clouds his virtue:
 Nor is he bold enough for such a business.
 The Horse that starts, however good besides,
 In War is troublesome, nay dangerous.

D. Brut. But *Antony*, so well belov'd by *Cæsar*,
 That instrument of all his tyranny,
 If he survive, will be another *Cæsar*.

Treb. *Decius*, well urg'd; *Antonius* must dye.

Brut. O, by no means, our course will seem too
 bloody,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs:
 'Twill look like anger, nay like envy too;
 For, *Antony* is great by *Cæsar*'s favour;

Let

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers.
We only draw our swords against Ambition;
Not against *Cæsar's* person, but his power:
Oh that we, then, could come at *Cæsar's* spirit,
Abate his pride, and yet not spill his blood! (*sighs*)
It cannot be; *Cæsar* alas must bleed.
Yet, gentle friends!
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's serve him up, a dish fit for the Gods;
Not mangled, as a feast to Beasts of prey.
Our hearts should melt, like those of tender Parents,
Who oft in sharp, but necessary rage,
Correct offending Children with remorse,
Feeling more pain than what they make them suffer.
This mercy too looks better to the world,
Which shall not call us Murderers, but Heroes.
As for *Antonius* therefore, think not of him;
For he can do no more, than *Cæsar's* arm,
When *Cæsar's* head is off.

Treb. But yet I fear him:
For he loves *Cæsar*, and is most audacious.
Brut. I hope that loving *Cæsar* is no fault;
Else I confess that I am guilty too:
If he loves *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to be griev'd, and pine away for *Cæsar*:
And it were strange he should; for he is given
Too much to wildness, company, and pleasures.

Cass. There is no fear of him: let him not dye;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

D. Brut. But hold, how late's the night?

Brut. 'Tis five, at least.

Cass. O how I long to welcome the eighth hour,
The

The wish'd alarm to our great purposes !

D. Brut. 'Tis time to part , least at our several
We should be miss'd too long. [homes

Cass. But what if *Cæsar*
Should forbear coming to the Capitol ?
The unaccustom'd terror of this night
May move the Augurs to forbid his going :
And , tho' himself's above such idle fears,
Yet the most wise and brave must yield to custom.

D. Brut. Never doubt that : And tho' he were re-
solved ,

I can o'er-sway him ; for he loves to hear me.
Prudence , tho' much superior , often yields
To subtle mirth , and sly insinuation.
If *Cæsar* stay at home because it thunders ,
I can in jest reproach him with his fear ;
He'll laugh , yet fear he shall be thought afraid.

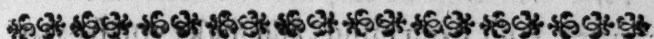
Brut. Nay , we will all of us be there to fetch him
But see , 'tis almost day , some light appears.

Cass. Then let us be dispers'd , like foggy clouds,
To meet again in thunder.

Brut. Friends , farewell.
Only remember that we all are *Romans* ;
That thought will keep up our exalted spirits.

Exeunt Conspirators , manet Brutus.





SCENE III.

*Enter Portia undress'd, as new risen
from bed.*

P O R T I A.

BRUTUS! my Lord, where are you?
Brut. What, my *Portia*!

Why do you thus expose your tender health?

Por. Can I consider health, without your love?
You have unkindly stol'n from me to-night;
And by your absence robb'd me of my rest:
How could my *Brutus* thus ungently leave
One so unwilling to be left by you?

Brut. Chide not too much, my *Portia*; and yet
There is some pleasure to be chid so kindly.
Our sex has tendernefs equal to yours;
Yet we, incumbred with vexations cares,
No sooner bend our softer thoughts to love,
But business, like a Master too severe,
Stands hov'ring over us amidst our pleasure,
And drags us to our tiresome task again.

Port. But life is short; o why should we mispend it?
A wretch condemn'd to dye within few hours,
Would think them ill employ'd in complements:
The solemn trifles of a busy world
Are oft but complement, compar'd with love,
Whose short and precious hours you throw away.

Brut. Dear *Portia*, now you but disturb my
thoughts.

Port.

Port. Can mine be easy then ? 'tis no small thing
Can vex your even mind, and make you froward,
Froward with me, which you was ne'er till now :
This night I folded you within these arms ,
And ask'd you if you slept, if you were well ?
You said, you could not sleep, and yet turn'd from
me.

Brut. Turning from thee is restlessness indeed ;
Thou only comfort to my troubled mind !
May joys, and full content remain in yours.

Port. Oh, preach content to one upon a rack,
And he will hear as soon.

My soul is so perplex'd with fears for you
That all the joys of Nature, or of fortune
Could find no entrance here at such a time.

Brut. Retire, retire; talking so tenderly,
You, like officious and condoling friends,
But more afflict that mind you would compose.
I hope you think me neither false nor foolish :
If it were fit for you to know my cares,
'Twere ill in me to let you ask me twice.
Let that suffice, and leave me : 't is a word,
I never us'd to thee before.

Port. Alas !
You would not use it now, if still you lov'd.
Can you have thoughts unfit to own to me ?
You are unjust, and I undone, farewell.

Brut. What means my *Portia* ?

Port. *Brutus* unjust !
Oh 'tis a wonder which your very foes
Would not believe, tho' told it by your friends :
And to me too, who had least cause to fear it !

So little I deserv'd to find him so.

Am I but only partner of your pleasures?

Fit for your trifling hours, & to be kept

At hatefull distance from your nobler thoughts?

What is it I have innocently done

To lose that trust which always follows kindness?

And therefor yours is chang'd; I see it plainly:

Thunder is fall'n on my poor guiltless head, [*Weeps.*]

And all but I perhaps have heard the blow.

Brut. In this you wrong me *Portia*.

Port.

Would I did:

I never wish'd a wrong to you before.

Brut. How have I liv'd & which of all my actions
Has giv'n the least occasion ev'n for malice?

I am you know not like the rest of Husbands;

My promise & my vows are tyes to me,

As strong as Fame and Virtue are to you:

I will not mention now the bands of love

In which I thought we were for ever fix'd.

What these unjust suspicions may produce

Either in you or me, alas, I know not.

Therefor be calm & kind as thou art us'd,

And try such rough ungentle ways no more.

My mind you know hardens against compulsion,

But easily bends under gentle usage.

Port. Oh let me now try that soft way again.

Thus low, thus tenderly I bey to know

Falls on his neck

That which in troubling you ev'n tortures me.

Shunn'd as I am I have a share in all

Your resolutions, spite of your unkindness.

K

You

You cannot shut me out from tender cares
 For every thought of yours: that zealous part
 The meanest slave may have in mighty *Cæsar*,
 And yet give no offence.

Brut. The mighty *Cæsar*!

[*Apart*

I am that meanest slave, if he remain
 The mighty *Cæsar*. Kneel not gentle *Portia*.

Port. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
 (*Weeps.*)

Brut. O my soft heart! my Resolution's arm'd
 Against all dangers, nay, against my friend;
 Yet firm to all things else, it yields to love;

(*Takes her in his arms.*)

It yields to *Portia*. You are now too charming.
 For pity hide your kindness, or your beauty;
 There's no resisting both.

Port. 'Tis kindness only
 Which makes me wish I had that beauty too.
 But are you then not angry?

Brut. What, with thee?
 'The most obdurate creature, ev'n a Tyrant,
 In all his height of anger, and of pride,
 Could not be proof against one tear of thine.

(*Kisses her,*

O *Portia*, be not you that Tyrant then;
 For well you know your pow'r, and may be mine.

Port. But tell me all.

Brut. Then know that they who came to me this
 But why should I go on to thee, my *Portia*, (night...
 In any language but in that of love?

'Tis to profane thy ear, to entertain it
 With any harsher sound; spare then thy self.

Port.

Port. But you were just about to let me know.

Brut. Know what? know things that will but trouble thee?

Believe me, *Portia*, 'tis dangerous
For thee to tread in these obscurer paths:
Serpents lye hidden there, whose conscious sting
Will rob thee of thy rest.

Oh, press not thus to bear a part in that,
Which, with its weight will crush thy tender mind.

Port. I am a woman, but am *Cato's* daughter.
My heart is tender, but to *Brutus* only.
Think you tis nothing, to have such a Father,
And such a Husband?

Brut. Well then, hear it all.

Port. Hold, dearest *Brutus*!

I dare not hear it yet; I'll try this first.

[*She stabs her self in the Arm.*

Brut. Hold, what d'ye mean?

Port. To try my fortitude.

For tho' I durst have trusted my firm mind
With any thing which but concern'd my self;
Where you're engag'd, it was too great a venture:
I doubt my firmeft thoughts, while you suspect them.

Brut. Oh, wonder of thy sex!

Gods! make me worthy of this matchless woman.
Haste, haste, and let thy wound be quickly dress'd.
Within I'll tell thee all,
And in thy bosom pour my very soul.

Exit *Portia*. Enter *Lucius*.

Luc. A Messenger, my Lord, from mighty *Cæsar*
Is sent to summon you, and *Caius Cassius*,

About some weighty matter presently.

[Exit *Lucius*.

Brut. From *Cæsar*? and my Brother *Cassius* too?
An early summons this! we are betray'd,
Lost and undone, yet less in our own ruin,
Than in the letting him escape. Oh *Rome*,
Thou hast in vain depended on thy *Brutus*!
But I will go, lest my delaying now
Should raise suspicion; and if all's discover'd,
My life is useless, and not worth my care.

[Exit.



Between the second and third act, these verses are to be sung by a person representing the Genius of Rome.

Second CHORUS.

LO, to prevent this mighty Empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliss I come,
The awful Genius of Majestick *Rome*.

Great is her danger: but I will engage
Some few, the Master-souls of all this age,
To do an act of just heroic rage.

'Tis hard a man so great, should fall so low;
More hard, to let so brave a people bow
To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them
now.

Yet

JULIUS CÆSAR.

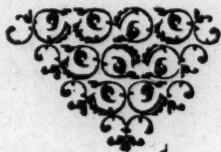
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Yet oh, I grieve that *Brutus* should be slain'd,
Whose life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the rest combine,
The very life, and soul of their design!
The centre, where those mighty spirits join.

Unthinking men no sort of scruples make;
Others do ill, only for mischief's sake;
But ev'n the best are guilty by mistake.

Thus some, for envy, or revenge, intend
To bring the bold Usurper to his end;
But for his Country, *Brutus* stabs his Friend.



K 3

A C T.



A C T. I I I.

S C E N E I.

The Scene is Cæsar's Apartment, where he appears undress'd.

C Æ S A R.

Ambition, oh thou Tyrant of my soul!
 How much a gentler Lord am I to Rome,
 Than thou to me! I am the only slave.
 This day was dully spent in publick sports,
 Things too magnificent for true delight:
 Joy dwells in silent shades, and private pleasures;
 In peace, and not in pomp: then, my long nights,
 Those precious hours design'd for soft repose,
 Are by unruly cares thus ravish'd from me.

Enter Junius.

Jun. Brutus and Cassius attend your pleasure.

Cæsar. I tell thee, *Junius*, my trusty freed-man,
 That melancholic *Cassius* needs observing.
 If e'er I could be capable of fear,
 I think it would be of that pensive *Cassius*.
 He loves not learning, no not poetry;
 Nor is his sullen humour pleas'd with Musick.
 When others laugh, he so demurely smiles

As if he thought it meanness to be merry.
 Seldom he likes what others most approve,
 And loves to praise what all men else dislike.
 Such men as he are never at their ease,
 While they behold a greater than themselves.
 Yet he is brave, and shall have due preferment.

Exit Junius.



SCENE II.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

CÆSAR.

YOU seem amaz'd at such an early summons;
 I have not slept all night.

Cass. On what account?

Cæs. 'Tis only what I suffer from my cares.

But my unquiet mind should not disturb
 Such noble *Romans*, had you not been both
 Nearly concern'd in what I have to say.

Cass. We are betray'd.

(Softly.)

Brut. No matter; let us not,
 Betray our selves by want of resolution. *Softly.*

Cæsar. The two great vacant Offices of *Prators*
 (On which ev'n neigh'ring Princes look with envy)
 Shall now be fill'd by two the greatest *Romans*
 I owe the Commonwealth that care, to find
 Who best deserves her favour or her frown.

Cass. We neither beg for one, nor fear the other.

Cæsar. *Cassius*, I know your soul is void of fear,

K 4

And

And above grudging at your Brother's greatness.

Cass. I understand no Oracles ; but sure

Brutus and I are friends , as well as brothers.

Cas. And therefore you will be the more contented ,

If I advance him ev'n above your self ;

Desert like his can never rise too high.

I know no pleasure equal to obliging

Transcendent merit in an humble mind. [ship.

Such modest worth should get the prize from court.

Yet this may only be my love's mistake ;

For , I confess my weakness , I am frail

[Embracing *Brutus*.

Like other men , and partial for a friend ;

Yet that's a fault Heav'n easily forgives.

Be thou , my best lov'd *Brutus* , Chief of *Prætors* ;

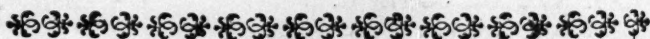
And *Cassius* may accept the second place ,

(To *Cassius*.

Not only in the State , but my affection.

No thanks ; a coin not counted among friends.

Exit *Cæsar*.



SCENE III.

Cass. 'Tis well it proves no worse.

Brut. What worse can be ?

Cass. Sure , *Brutus* has no reason to complain.

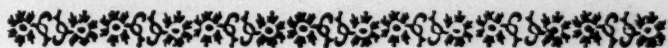
Brut. Yes , of you , *Cassius* ; if you can believe
I would receive a favour from a foe.

Is this a time to be oblig'd by *Cæsar* ?

Good

JULIUS CÆSAR. 153

Good Gods! had I not doubts enough before?
 Did I not struggle hard enough for virtue?
 That this last tenderness of his is added,
 To shake my very soul? the strong impression
 May break my heart; but shall not bend my mind.
Cassius in this is honour'd more than *Brutus*;
 For, when our Country is so much debased,
 Repulse is glorious, and advancement shame:
 I'll not be rais'd by him who ruins her.
 It was no private injury provok'd me:
 Frowns had not frighten'd me, nor shall his favours
 With all their Syren voice entice me to him.
 I must go on through virtue's plainest course,
 In that smooth path there is no fear of falling.



S C E N E I V.

Enter the Conspirators, and other Senators.

C A S S I U S.

See if our friends are not already come,
 'Tis later than we thought. You are well met.

Cinna. Is *Cæsar* stirring yet?

Cassius. Just now gone in;

And will, when dress'd, immediately come forth.

Fear nothing, all's secure.



K 5

S C E.

SCENE V.

Enter CÆSAR again, dress'd.

CÆSAR.

WElcome, my friends.

D. Brut. The Senate does attend great *Cæsar's* presence;

And we are come to wait upon you thither.

Cæsar. Let 'em attend a while, 'tis early yet.

SCENE VI.

Enter Antony.

WHat, *Antony*, who revels all the night,
Is he up too? Nay, then 'tis time to go.

Ant. Rather to stay: I came not here in courtship;
But 'tis the sacred College of the Priests
Which brought me hither; and they wait without.
Hear 'em, great *Cæsar*; it concerns you nearly.
And what does so is for the good of *Rome*.

Cæsar. The Senate stays, another time will serve.

(*As he is going out, enter the*

Priests who stop him.

Priest. Great *Cæsar*, hail! forgive our zealous haste
Urg'd by divine portent, which sent us here

To warn the mighty ruler of the world.

Caesar. Speak: I attend the message of the Gods.

Priest. As on mount *Aventine* I lately fate,
 Attir'd with sacred Robes, and southward turn'd,
 The Heav'ns all clear, and free from black presage;
 With my bent wand I the due rites perform'd,
 And parted all the Regions of the air.
 When lo, ill-boding birds appear'd from far
 Bearing misfortunes on their ominous wings!
 I gaz'd upon them with prophetick skill,
 Till a fierce flash of lightning check'd my sight.
 Then, in one instant, all the Heav'ns were chang'd;
 Clouds, swell'd with thunder, rowld themselves
 With noise too horrible for humane ear. [along,

Caesar. It thunder'd, and it lighten'd: well, go on.

2 *Priest.* Omens of ill in several kinds agree:

Having new chose for solemn sacrifice
 A large-grown Bull, the goodliest of the herd;
 With an unwonted rage he breaks his chains,
 Making fierce way through all the frighten'd crowd,
 Which gaz'd, and trembled; so divided stood
 Betwixt their curiosity and fear;
 At last, he at the Altar laid him down,
 And seem'd to beg the blow, which none durst give,
 Then on a sudden shook the air like thunder
 And with unheard of bellowing breath'd his last,
 When open'd, we beheld, with eyes amaz'd.
 This boist'rous heart that rag'd with so much cla-
 Yet had no heart. [mour

Caesar. And I should seem like him,
 Did I give way to every idle fear.

Priest. Is it an idle thing to fear the Gods?

Thou'rt

156 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Thou'rt in their power, as the world in thine ;
And each may own a fear without a blush.

Ant. Good *Cæsar* be advis'd : in this one thing
Yield to your friends, and send the Senate word
You are not well.

Cæsar. What, send'em an excuse ?
Have I in conquest stretch'd my arm so far ,
And fear at last to tell grey-beards the truth ?
No, *Antony*, truth will bear out it self.
I would do much to give my friends content ;
So, let them know I shall not come to-day ;
Cannot, is false, and, that I dare not, falser.
I will not come: go tell it to the Senate.

[To *Decius Brutus*.

Dec. Brut. But shall not I pretend some cause for
this ?

Cæsar. The cause is in my will. I will not go.
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

Dec. Brut. Sir, I obey ; but pardon my affection
If it offends you with untimely care :
The Senate is resolv'd to give a Crown
This day to mighty *Cæsar*: who can tell,
But by to-morrow their loose minds may change?
Assemblies are uncertain as the sea,
Which ebbs and flows, now rises, and now falls,
Just as the hum'rous wind inclines to move.
No woman changes more than crowds of men.

Cæsar. How weak your fears seem now, good
Anton,

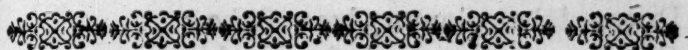
I must not let the fair occasion fall.
Prepare the Ceremony, I am stay'd for.

Brut.

JULIUS CÆSAR. 157

Brut. Prudence in vain defends unhappy men:
When Heav'n ordains, the wisest haste to ruin.

Exeunt Omnes.



*To be sung after the third Act, by two
aërial Spirits.*

Third CHORUS.

I.

Tell, oh tell me, whence arise
These disorders in our skies?
Rome's great Genius wildly gaz'd;
And the Gods seem all amaz'd.

2.

Know, in sight of this day's Sun,
Such a deed is to be done,
Black enough to shroud the light
Of all this world in dismal night.

I.

What is this deed?

2.

To kill a man,
The greatest since mankind began:
Learned, eloquent and wise,
Gen'rous, merciful and brave!

I.

Yet not too great a sacrifice,
The liberty of *Rome* to save!

But

2.

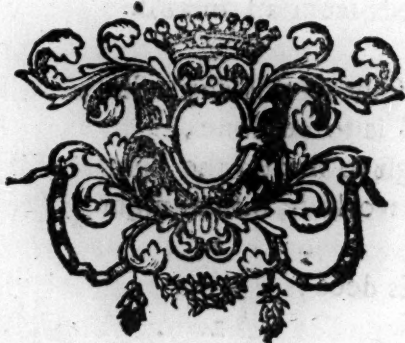
But will not goodness claim regard?
And does not worth deserve reward?

1.

Does not their Country lye at stake?
Can they do too much for her sake?

Both together.

Tho' dreadfull be this doom of Fate;
Just is that Pow'r which governs all:
Better this wond'rous Man should fall,
Than a most glorious, virtuous State.



A C T



A C T. I V.

S C E N E I.

The Scene, a street, through which Cæsar passes in pomp to the Senate-House, attended by those Senators who were with him at the end of the former Act.

Enter Spurinna hastily.

C Æ S A R.

THe Ides of March are come. *[To Spurinna.]*

Spur. But not yet past.

Be pleas'd, great Cæsar, to peruse this parchment.

Mess. 'Tis from a friend of Cæsar this petition;

At your first leisure read his humble suit.

Spur. Oh Cæsar, read mine first. 'tis for your safety:

Read it, great Cæsar, read it instantly.

Cæs. What most concerns our self shall last be read;

I'll lay it up against a time of leisure,

To Cassius.

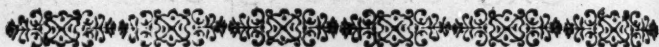
Cass. What, do you trouble Cæsar in the street?

Bring your petitions to the Capitol.

Spur.

Spur. But, mine concerns his life.

Cass. I know it does;
Therefore away, we'll all take care of that.



SCENE II.

The Scene is changed to the Senate-House, which appears full of Senators, who all rise up at Cæsar's coming. One of them whispers Brutus.

SENATOR.

All good success attend your enterprize.
Cass. What did he say?

Brut. He wish'd me good success.

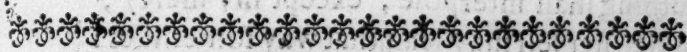
Cass. See, he makes up to *Caesar* earnestly.
We are betrayed! But I will kill my self;
Caesar, or *Cassius*, never shall go back.

Brut. There is no danger, *Cassius*; *Caesar* smiles;
You may perceive they talk of something else.

D. Brut. Let's all kneel round to beg for *Cymbar's*
life.

Brut. 'Tis mean at any time, but needless now;
Go you, I will not kneel.

Cass. Well, what you please.
Caesar strikes first; but stay, *Caesar* will speak.



SCENE III.

Cæsar sits on a seat above the rest ; then rises up and speaks , while the Senators stand round him.

NOW, rev'rend Lords, if any weighty thoughts
Oppress your minds, unload your cares on me;
For that's a burthen which belongs to power.
Is there a barbarous people yet so rude,
Or so remote, as not to fear your arms?
I'll make them join with all the world besides
In due submission to superiour virtue.
Is that great *Parthian* King so haughty grown,
As not to reverence this awfull Senate?
My arms shall haste to humble all his pride,
And bring him bowing to your least commands.
Others, to raise themselves, depress their Country;
But my ambition is to make your valour
Shine out more bright to all the subject world.
Yet vain were all my Triumphs, if I should
Be fear'd abroad, and not be lov'd at home;
Therefore, what enemy have I not pardon'd?
The name of foe excuses hate, and harm;
And he that fears it least, forgives it soonest.
Cold friends, indeed, are something more provoking;
Yet I can pass them by with scorn and pity.
The equal law shall run its even course;

J.

No-

Nothing shall interpose, except my mercy;
 Justice her self may lean that way sometimes:
 Plain merit shall not languish unregarded,
 While cunning courtship steals away the favour.
 On this depend; and while I govern thus,
 You will not grudge, if I shall govern long;
 And not resign my pow'r, like unlearn'd Sylla,
 For want of skill to use it.

Cass. Oh, I can hold no longer.

*They all stab Cæsar who struggles with them
 till he sees Brutus strike.*

Cæsar. What, Brutus too!

Nay, then 'tis time to dye.

Falls down, and covers himself with his Robe.

Brut. Liberty, Freedom! Tyranny is dead.
 Nay stir not, worthy Lords, nor be amaz'd;
 We mean no harm to any *Roman* here:
 Consul, retire, for fear the coming crowd
 Should press too much upon your rev'rend age.

Cass. Run to the streets, and cry out Liberty!
 Ring in their ears aloud that pleasing sound.
 Stoop, *Romans*, stoop,
 And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood,
 Bespot our garments, and besmear our swords;
 Then walk we forth into the Market-place,
 And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
 Cry out aloud, Freedom and Liberty!

Brut. The deed is done, what need we triumph
 in it?





S C E N E I V.

Enter a Senator.

B R U T U S.

WELL now, what news?

Sen. The people are amaz'd,
Cry out, and stare, and run about the streets,
As in an Earthquake.

*They all stoop down to Cæsar's
body except Brutus.*

Cass. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?

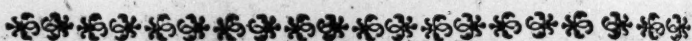
Treb. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
While the attentive throng shall melt in tears,
To see his fall.

Brut. As oft as that shall be,
So often shall this knot of us be call'd
The men who gave their Country liberty.
Let's venture forth.

Cass. Come on then, let's away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his steps
With all the best and boldest sons of Rome.

Brut. What, *Antony* return'd, and without arms!





S C E N E V.

Enter Antony, and taking no notice of them falls on his knees to Cæsar's body.

A N T O N Y.

I was unable to defend thy life,
 And therefore now can scarce endure my own;
 Thou great good man! is all thy race of glory
 Brought to this wretched end? didst thou scorn death
 In all those bloody fields, to find it here?
 Oh, 'tis I feel it; thou art past the pain;
 But in my heart 'tis acted o'er and o'er.
 For every thought of thee, and of thy love,
 Gives me fresh sorrow: take my tribute here
 Of sighs and tears that always shall attend thee.

I ask your pardon, Noble Lords; my thoughts
 Were too much there, to look on ought besides.
 Yet think not I repent of what I said;
 For I will speak the praises of my friend,
 Nor fear ev'n Heav'n, should it reply in thunder.
 He was my friend, and I will still be his,
 Tho' the Gods rage, and mankind meanly joins;
 Who shew regard to Heav'n in nothing else
 But slighting merit, when the Gods forsake it.
 Yet I, of all suspected, and alone,
 Will boldly thus embrace this precious body.
 Nay, gaze not on me with such threatening looks;
 Think not, that if I valu'd now my life,

I am

I am so foolish to expose it thus.
What hour so fit for me, what death so glorious,
As here to fall with *Cæsar*, and by you,
The Master spirits, sure, of all the world?
Kill me then quickly; kill me with those daggers
That reek in blood of him I lov'd so well:
For, could I languish out a thousand years,
I ne'er should find my self so fit to dye:
'Tis now a pleasure, what may be a pain.

Brut. Oh, *Antony*, beg not your death of us.
You little think, when you commended *Cæsar*,
How much my soften'd heart approv'd your praise.
Rough tho' we seem, and tho' our hands are bloody,
Yet, *Antony*, you only see our hands,
Which, free as those of Justice from all rage,
Have done a deed, spite of our softer souls.
Your friendship to dead *Cæsar* we esteem,
And value yours the more: then join with us
To settle *Rome* firm in its ancient freedom;
And we will join with you to make you great;
As great as can consist with liberty.

Cass. Your voice shall sound as high as any man's
In the Election of new Magistrates.

Brut. Only be patient till you hear the cause
Of all this seeming cruelty. You know
Cæsar us'd me as kindly as your self.
Were I ambitious, or sought private ends,
This, sure, was not the way, witness, you Gods!
None e'er who kill'd himself lov'd him he slew
Better than I lov'd *Cæsar*!

Ant. Oh my heart!
Hold up a while, and help me to dissemble! (*Aside*)

Give me your hands, I must accept your love
Most noble *Brutus*; and yours, *Cains Cassius*.

Alas, my credit stands on slipp'ry ground;
And there's a precipice on either side.

To answer this your gentleness with rage,
(When you thus spare me ev'n against my will)

That would appear but a too rough return:

Yet may not this too look like fear, or flatt'ry?

That I lov'd *Cæsar*, I must ever own;

That he lov'd me, his favours shew'd too well:

How shall I do my part to him, and you?

Unless you will vouchsafe to give me reasons

Why *Cæsar* dy'd; and let me bury him,

(As it becomes his friend) with decent Honour:

Then I'll but steep his ashes in my tears,

And in his cold Urn smother all my sorrow.

Brut. 'Tis just, we grant it; take his body hence.
And I will join my self to do him honour.

Cass. Hold, *Brutus*; first consider well of that;
The easy Rabble may be mov'd against us.

Who knows how Rhet'ric may prevail on fools?

Brut. We need not, *Cassius*, be so much concern'd;

Now *Rome*'s secure, there's no such thing as danger.

'Twas *Cæsar*'s soul we fear'd, and that once gone,

We cannot use his harmless corps too well.

Cass. But yet I fear the worst.

Brut. Besides I'll go,

And speak before him in the Market-place.

But *Antony*, your praise must be so nice,

As not to blame our actions: you may shew

Both love to *Cæsar*, and esteem of us.

Cass.

JULIUS CÆSAR. 167

Cass. His speech shall be your pattern ; so we leave you

To pay that pity which you owe your friend.

Exeunt all but Antony.

SCENE V I.

*Antony , who stands over the body of
Cæsar alone.*

A N T O N Y.

Pity indeed ! but what a wretched change ,
That thou should'st move it ! thou , whose wondrous soul

Was high as e'er Humanity attain'd ;
Yet gentle as the humblest of Mankind.

Enter some friends of Antony.

Thy vast ambition was but just , and like
The Element of fire when first created ,
Which soar'd above the rest , to shine more glorious ,
And chear the under world with light and heat.
Thou still shalt shine a Comet , and portend
A black and bloody Scene of Civil-war.
These Wounds inspire me with prophetick skill ;
Which like dumb Mouths op'ning their bloody lips ,
Seem to entreat the utterance of my tongue.
Now the whole world disturb'd , will miss thee soon ;
Men shal bemoan their Master , beat their breasts ,
And lay upon thy Death all their misfortunes.

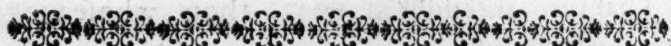
L 4

Wars,

Wars, Bloodshed, Massacres, such horrid deeds,
And fatal fury, shall be so familiar,
That custom shall take off all sense of crime,
And shame and guilt shall be but words forgot,
Lost in the boundless licence of the times.

Come, let us bear him to the Market-place,
This is a jewel yet, tho' drop'd by Fortune;
With which we'll purchase popularity,
And set up for our selves in this new world.
Our tears and grief will soften their hard hearts,
Fit to receive impression from our words.
And when crowds listen once, there is no fear,
They have the people's hearts, who have their ear.

Exeunt with the Body of Cæsar.



To be sung after the fourth Act.

Fourth CHORUS.

How great a curse has providence
Thought fit to cast on Human kind?
Learning, Courage, Eloquence,
The gentlest nature, noblest mind,
Were intermix'd in one alone;
Yet in one moment overthrown!

Could Chance, or senseless Atoms join
To form a soul so great as his?
Or would those pow'rs we hold divine,
Destroy their own chief Master-piece?

Where

Where so much difficulty lyes,
The doubtfull are the only wise.

And, what must more perplex our thoughts,
Great *Jove* the best of *Romans* sends,
To do the very worst of faults,
And kill the kindest of his friends,
All this is far above our reach,
Whatever Priests presume to preach.



A C T V.

SCENE the *Forum*.

*Enter Brutus and Cassius followed by
crowds of Citizens.*

I. C I T I Z E N.

BEhold the men who have deliver'd *Rome*,

2. *Citi.* *Brutus* has freed us all, and he shall
rule us.

3. *Citi.* We will be free, and serve the noble
Brutus.

Brut. Why friends, ye speak impossibilities;
Would ye be free, yet serve? how odd that sounds?
I grieve to see you bear your change no better.
But give me leave to satisfy you all

L 5

Why

Why we have done this deed, and for whose sakes.
I'll go up here; they who will hear me, stay;
The rest may follow *Cassius*, and hear him.

1 *Citi*. I would hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Citi*. I'll follow *Cassius*,

And we'll compare together what they say.

3 *Citi*, The noble *Brutus* is ascended: silence.

[*Romans*,

Brut. Friends, dearest Countrymen, and worthy
You lovers of your laws and liberties,
Hear me throughout with patience, not with passion:
For, tho' your kindness is my chief contentment
I would not owe your judgment of this deed
To any thing but reason well inform'd.
Who is it here thinks *Caesar* innocent?
I was his Friend, and yet I thought him guilty;
And faults are great, which Friends cannot forgive.
Why should I kill him then but for your sakes?
A wretch who yields a limb to be cut off,
Does only that to save a life that's dearer:
And when a grieving Parent whips his Child,
Call it correction, but not cruelty.
If then the very best of *Caesar*'s Friends
Should ask me why I kill'd him? thus I answer:
It was not that I lov'd him less than he,
But 'twas because I lov'd my Country more.
Wou'd you have *Caesar* live, and dye all slaves;
Rather than have him dead, to live all freemen?
As *Caesar* lov'd me, oh I weep for him;
As he was fortunate, I can rejoice;
As he was valiant, I honour him;

But,

But, as he was ambitious, I slew him.
 Who's here so base, as would become a Bondman?
 If any, speak; for him I have offended.
 Who's here so rude, that would not be a *Roman*?
 If any, speak, for him I have offended.
 Who's here so vile, to value any thing,
 Ev'n his best Friend, before the publick good?
 I own, nay boast, I have offended him.
 What say you Countrymen?

Citizen. None, *Brutus*, none.

Brut. Then none have I offended by his death.
 The reason for it shall be fair enroll'd;
 His glory not diminish'd in the least.
 Here comes his body, mourn'd by good *Antonius*.

Enter Antony with the body of Cæsar.

Who, tho' a Friend of *Cæsar*, is ours too;
 And so has leave to bury him with honour.
 In a free Government all should be friends:
 And he, who would have sav'd this *Cæsar's* life,
 Shall yet receive advantage by his death;
 Freedom of Vote in governing the World:
 As which of you shall want it? I conclude;
 That, as I slew my Friend to save my Country,
 I here have the same dagger for my self,
 When ever *Rome* shall wish, or need my death.

Descends.

- 1 *Citi.* Live, *Brutus*, live: bring him in triumph home.
- 2 *Citi.* Give him a statue by his Ancestors.
- 3 *Citi.* Let him be *Cæsar*.
- 4 *Citi.* *Cæsar* was nothing to him;

Let

Let him be crown'd, I will have *Brutus* crown'd.

Brut. Hold worthy Countrymen.

1 *Citi.* Peace, silence.

2 *Citi.* Peace, for *Brutus* speaks again.

Brut. You'll make me draw this dagger once again

But 'tis against my self; for I would dye

Your fellow friend, rather than live your Lord.

You almost make me wish *Cæsar* alive:

If one must rule, there's none could do it better.

Pray hear *Marc-Antony*, for my sake hear him;

He speaks by our permission, and is noble.

But, while he praises *Cæsar*, then remember

I honour'd him as much, but lov'd you more.

Nay, slay good *Romans*; not a man go with me.

[*Exit.*

1. *Citi.* This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant; *Brutus* says so:
And no man living knows a Tyrant better.

2 *Citi.* For, neighbours, why should *Brutus* kill
him else?

He lov'd him. Therefore sure he was a Tyrant.

3. *Citi.* Notably said! answer me that who can.
But come, let's hear *Marc Antony* a little.

Ant. For *Brutus'* sake I am beholden to you.

1 *Citi.* What's that of *Brutus*? best speak well of
Brutus.

2. *Citi.* How's this? what does he say, for *Brutus'*
sake?

3. *Citi.* He says, for *Brutus'* sake he is beholden
to us.

2. *Citi.* Oh, very well; go up *Marc Antony.*

Ant. Shall I go up, and will you give me leave?

Citi.

JULIUS CÆSAR. 173

Citi. Ay-ay, (Antony *ascends.*

Ant. Friends, Countrymen, and *Romans*, hear
me gently;

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

Lo here the fatal end of all his glory:

The evil that men do lives after them:

The good is often bury'd in their graves;

So let it be with *Cæsar*. Noble *Brutus*

Hastold you *Cæsar* was ambitious:

If he was so, then he was much to blame;

And he has dearly paid for his offence.

Here, under leave of *Brutus* and the rest,

I come to do my duty to dead *Cæsar*.

He was my Friend, faithfull and just to me;

But yet it seems he was ambitious.

Brutus has said it, I must say so too;

For *Brutus* is a man of strictest honour.

Thousands of Captives *Cæsar* brought to *Rome*;

Whose Ransom often fill'd the publick coffers.

Was this ambition? *Brutus* says it was;

And *Brutus* is an honourable man.

When wretched Orphans cry'd *Cæsar* would weep,

So weep for them, that they have wept no more:

Ambition seldom is so tender-hearted.

You all have seen how at the publick sports,

Out of a foolish and too forward love,

He was presented with a Kingly Crown,

Which he then thrice refus'd; was this ambition?

Yet *Brutus* says he was ambitious,

And *Brutus* is a man we all must honour.

I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,

But

But must as little wrong this dead, good man.
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 And will you hate him dead, whom you lov'd
 living?

O Justice, Justice, whither art thou fled?
 For men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
 My heart's beneath that mantle there with *Cæsar*;
 And I must pause a while till it come back.

[Weeps.

1. *Citi.* Methinks there's much of reason in his
 sayings,

If you consider rightly of the matter.
Cæsar has had some wrong.

2. *Citi.* Has he, my Masters?

They will have much ado to make amends to him.
 I fear there will a worse come in his place.

3. *Citi.* Mark'd you his words? he would not take
 the Crown,

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1. *Citi.* If it be found so, some shall pay dear for it.

2. *Citi.* See, if good *Antony* can speak for weeping!

3. *Citi.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than
Antony.

2. *Citi.* But mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
 Have pass'd thro' all the world: now he lyes there,
 And none so low to do him reverence.
 Oh *Romans*, if I were dispos'd to move
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.

Yet here's a Parchment with the seal of *Cæsar*
I found it in his closet; 'tis his Will:

Let but the Commons hear this Testament,
(Which pardon me, I do not mean to read)

And they would run and kiss dead *Cæsar*'s wounds

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Nay beg a hair of his for memory,

And dying, mention it within their Wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

To their dear issue.

4. *Citi.* We'll hear this Will: read it *Marc Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will, we must hear *Cæsar*'s
Will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not
read it;

It is not fit you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,

It will enflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis well, you know not that you are his Heirs,

For if you did, oh what might come of it?

3. *Citi.* Read the Will, *Antony*, for we will
hear it,

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?

I have o'ershot my self to tell you of it;

I fear I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers stab'd the undefended *Cæsar*.

1. *Cit.* Traytors & Rogues! they honourable men?

2. *Cit.* Villains and Murderers! Come, read the
Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will.

Then

Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar* ,
 And let me shew you him that made the Will.
 Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

1. *Citi.* Descend , you shall have leave ;

2. *Citi.* A Ring !

3. *Citi.* Stand off a while ; stand from the body
 there.

4. *Cit.* Make room for *Antony* , most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay , press not so upon me , gentle friends.
 If you have tears , prepare to shed'em now.
 You all have seen this Mantle , I remember
 The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on ;
 'T was on a summer's evening in his tent ,
 After a glorious fight against your foes ,
 Look , in this place ran *Cassius*' dagger through !
 See what a rent the envious *Cæsa* made !
 Here , here , the well-beloved *Brutus* stab'd ;
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away ,
 Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it !
 As rushing out abroad , to be resolv'd
 If it were *Brutus* so unkindly struck ?
 For *Brutus* , as you know , was *Cæsar*'s fav'rite :
 Judge , O you Gods , how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him ;
 This , this was the unkindest stroke of all !
 For when undaunted *Cæsar* saw him stab ,
 Ingratitude , more strong than Traytor's arms ,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 Then in his Mantle muffling up his face ,
 Under a crowd of Villains , *Cæsar* fell.

OH

Oh what a fall was there, my Country men!
 Then I, and you, and Rome itself too fell,
 While bloody treason flourish'd o'er our heads.
 Oh now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of Pity; these are worthy drops.
 Kind souls, What weep you when you but behold
 Our *Cæsar's* vesture torn? O then look here:
 Here is himself, mangled you see by Traytors!

Takes off the Mantle.

1. *Citi.* O mournfull sight!
2. *Citi.* O cruel Traytors, Villains!
3. *Citi.* O Noble *Cæsar*! but we'll be reveng'd.
 Set fire, kill, slay, let not a traytor live
- Ant.* Stay Country men.
4. *Citi.* Peace there, he speaks again.
- All.* We'll hear him, follow him, and dye with him.
- Ant.* Good friends, dear friends, let me not stir
 you up

To such a sudden flame of mutiny.
 They who have done this deed are men of note:
 What private griefs they had, alas I know not,
 Which made them do it; they are wondrous wise,
 And will, no doubt, give you some shew of reason.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
 I am no Orator, as *Cassius* is;
 But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man
 Who love my friend; and that they know full well
 Who gave me leave to speak in publick of him:
 For I have neither art, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the pow'r of speech,

M

To

To stir men's blood ; I only speak plain truth ;
And tell you that which you already know !

Shew you dear *Cæsar's* wounds, poor, poor, dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me : But, were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus* here ; so great an Orator

Would rouse up ev'ry soul, and put a tongue
In ev'ry wound of *Cæsar*, which should move
The very stones to rise and mutiny !

All. We'll mutiny ; we'll burn the House of *Brutus*

4. *Citi.* Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen, yet hear me
speak.

All. Peace ho ! hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony* !

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not
what

Wherein has *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your love ?

Alas, you know not ; I must tell you then.

You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Tis true, the Will ; let's stay and hear the Will

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar's* seal ;

To ev'ry *Roman* Citizen he gives,

To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'nty five Drachma's. ✓

3. *Citi.* Well said ; those drachma's will cost some
men dear.

All. Most gen'rous *Cæsar* ! we'll revenge his death

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace ho ! noble *Cæsar* !

Ant. Moreover, he has left you all his Walks,
His private Gardens, and new-planted orchards
On this side *Tyber*, here he gives to you,
And to your Heirs for ever : publick pleasures

JULIUS CÆSAR.

(179)

To walk abroad & recreate your selves.

Here was a *Cæsar*! when comes such another?

All. O never, never; come Sirs come away.

Ant. Hold, hold my Masters, stay one moment longer;

Now keep your hearts from breaking if you can:

Prepare ye now to burst with grief & anger.

Behold this scroll, the vety hand of *Cæsar*!

In it he notes this firm & settled purpose,

First to subdue the *Parthians*, our worst foes,

And then restore *Rome* to her ancient freedom.

„ I'll keep the pow'r, faith he, of *Rome's* Dictator

„ Till I have vanquish'd all her enemies:

„ Then o ye Gods! may she be free for ever,

„ Tho' at th' expence of all our dearest blood!

That precious blood is here indeed let out

But where's the liberty we purchase by it?

Slaves as we are to Murderers & Villains.

1. *Cit.* We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the Villains houses.

2. *Cit.* Take up the body.

3. *Cit.* Go, set fire, pull down
The very Senate house where *Cæsar* died.

Ant. So let it work; mischief thou art a foot,
Take now what course thou wilt! Destruction, ruin,
The banefull issue of so black a deed!

Ambition when unbounded brings a curse;
But an Assaffinate deserves a worse.

*The End of the Tragedy
of JULIUS CÆSAR.*

JULIUS CAESAR

...with speed I'll come; your loves
...when comes the night?
...Ourselves; come, let's come away.
...hold, hold, my Masters, stay one moment
longer.

...from breathing if you can;
...with grief and anger
...the very hand of Caesar!
...the note of him to kill his purpose,
...to kneel to the statue, our wounds
...then tell me how to get another freedom.
...I'll keep the power, I'll be, of Rome's Dictator
...I'll have you and all my enemies;

...you or you God, may the best be for ever,
...at the expense of all our blood!
...precious blood is here indeed for our
...where the heavy we purchase pay?
...as we are to the masters of Villains.

Ca. We'll burn his body in the holy place,
...with the brand of the Villains' houses.
Ca. Take the body.

Go, let the pull down
...very separate house where Caesar dwelt.
...Sister, sister, sister, sister, sister, sister, sister,
...now what count you with? Destruction, ruin,
...and all the blood of a house!
...division with the wounded blood of our
...on Alban's graves a world.

T H E
T R A G E D Y
O F
M A R C U S B R U T U S :

With the *Prologue* & the two last
Chorus's

Written by his Grace

JOHN DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.



L O N D O N.
Printed for the Company.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. BRUTUS.

C. CASSIUS.

LUCILIUS, Friend of *Brutus*.

TITINIUS, Friend of *Cassius*.

PINDARUS, Freedman of *Cassius*.

VARIUS, a young *Roman* bred at *Athens*.

THEODORUS, a Philosopher.

M. ANTONIUS, the Triumvir.

DOLABELLA, Friend of M. *Antonius*.

JUNIA, Wife of *Cassius* & Sister of *Brutus*.

Magistrates of *Athens*.

Centurions. Officers. Soldiers.

The Play begins the day before the Battel of
Philippi, & ends with it.

P R O L O G U E ,
By the AUTHOR.

Our Scene is Athens: and great Athens nam'd,
What soul so dull as not to be inflam'd?
Methinks, at mentioning that sacred place,
A reverend awe appears in ev'ry face,
For men so fam'd, of such prodigious parts;
Astaught the world all Sciences and Arts.

Amidst all these, ye shall behold a man
The most applauded since mankind began,
Out-shining ev'n those Greeks who most excell;
Whose life was one fix'd course of doing well.
Oh, who can therefore without tears attend
On such a life, and such a fatal end?

But here our Author, besides other faults
Of ill expressions, and of vulgar thoughts,
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
And breaks the law of unity of place:
Yet, to such noble Patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and banish'd Rome;
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield:
And where can Brutus fall, but in Philippi field?

Some Criticks judge, ev'n love it self too mean
A care to mix in such a lofty Scene,
And with those ancient Bards of Greece believe
Friendship has stronger charms to please or grieve:
But our more am'rous Poet, finding love

*Amidst all other cares still shines above ;
Let's not the best of Romans end their lives
Without just softness for the kindest Wives.
Yet , if ye think his gentle nature such ,
'As to have soften'd this great tale too much ,
Soon will your eyes grow dry , and passion fall ,
When ye reflect 'tis all but conjugall.*

*This to the few and knowing was address'd ,
'And now 'tis fit I should salute the rest.*

*Most reverend , dull judges of the Pit ,
By Nature curs'd with the wrong side of wit !
You need not care what e'er you see to-night ,
How ill some Players act , or Poets write ;
Should our mistakes be never so notorious ,
You'll have the joy of being more censorious :
Shew your small talent then , let that suffice ye ,
But grow not vain upon it , I advise ye ;
Each petty Critic can objections raise ,
The greatest skill is knowing when to praise.*





T H E
T R A G E D Y

O F
M A R C U S B R U T U S.

A C T. I.

S C E N E I.

A vestibule in Athens.

Enter LUCILIUS and VARIUS.

L U C I L I U S.

Express upon Express arrives from *Rome*:

Their veneration for most noble *Brutus*

now reviv'd, and makes all mourn his absence.

Var. But yet some threaten to destroy us here,

for giving shelter to that worthy *Roman*:

What means this contradiction?

Luc. I'll inform you,

our Empire groan'd beneath the pow'r of *Caesar*,

man so fam'd for clemency and courage,

N 3

(Qua-

190 MARCUS BRUTUS.

(Qualities charming ev'n in enemies)

That none, tho' virtuous, could resolve to act
A bold and noble deed, which all men wish'd.

Var. You mean the death of *Cæsar*, pray go on.

Luc. At length, a man of all the world inclin'd
The least to violence, or any passion;
A man sublimely wise, exactly just.

Var. After this character you need not name him.

Luc. *Brutus*, the head of all those noble spirits,
Who shine at *Rome*, and rule the under world,
Selects the very choicest of them all,
And fells the Tyrant in the very Senate.

Var. This deed of *Brutus* seems the will of Heav'n.

Luc. And so accounted, for his wondrous virtue.
The soldiers, Senators, and common people,
(If among *Romans* they can be so call'd)
Ev'n the best friends of *Cæsar* follow'd *Brutus*,
As the avow'd deliverer of his Country:
Till his soft nature, and his gen'rous spirit,
Resign'd the corps to be interr'd with honour.
Var. That made this fatal change, as we are told.
Luc. Most true, in those that heard the fam'd
oration.

What is it Eloquence cannot persuade?

Reason it self comes over to its side.

Thus *Antony*, soon as his speech was ended,
Rais'd in that heat so great a rage against us,
As forc'd ev'n friends to act the part of foes:
Yet now the wise repent, and rev'rence *Athens*
For thus supporting the most worthy *Brutus*.

Var. The roads from *Rome* are fill'd by vaious
crowds

MARCUS BRUTUS. 191

Who fly from safety, to partake our danger.

Luc. No wonder, since virtue has ever fix'd
Kind correspondence between *Rome* and *Athens*.
The youth of *Rome*, & all whom *Rome* has conquer'd,
Hither repair to learn Philosophy.

Chief among these, you (Son of famous *Tully*)
Advis'd no doubt by your illustrious Father,
Invited *Brutus* and his brother *Cassius*
To make great *Athens* center of the War.

Var. And she has own'd your cause in ample manner;
Armies are levy'd, and vast sums are rais'd
In the defence of *Roman* liberty.

Luc. Oh noble efforts of Republick spirit!
Why this is being friends to humane kind;
Which, next to Heav'n, is most oblig'd to those
Who rescue Liberty from vile oppression.

Var. Our ancient Heroes thus grew Gods them
Besides, 'tis in a manner self-defence [selves;
To help in neighb'ring dangers: for it hinders
Future incroachments on our selves at home.

Luc. Of that, *Athenians* are almost too jealous:
Ev'n with ingratitude they crush ambition,
And banish merit, when the least aspiring.

Var. Most wisely do they act, nay justly too:
For, we reward a leader's service best,
In barring him the means of doing mischief.
Happier, much happier had it been for *Cæsar*,
Had he been banish'd, while yet innocent,
Than e'er return'd triumphant o'er his Country.



S C E N E I I.

Enter Dolabella pulling off his disguise.

L U C I L I U S.

WHat! *Dolabella* here?

Dol. A friend to *Varius*,
Sent by *Antonius* in most secret manner,
To ask an interview of noble *Brutus*,
Before the soldier joins in bloody battel. [kind,
Who knows but each great Chief may grow more
In sight of wondring armies may embrace,
And *Rome* shall smile at their returning friends?

Exit. Lucilius.

Var. And can you think that *Brutus* slew great
[*Julius*,

To suffer tyranny in other hands?

Dol. Alas, that tyranny is but a word,
Us'd only by us when we hate our ruler.
Have we not found, (you'll pardon me, good *Varius*)
That ev'n this change you call'd deliverance
Has but remov'd one hardship for a greater,
A single grievance for a civil-war?

Var. What do I hear! is any grievance equal
To that most abject state of being subjects
To will, to passion, or to lawless humour?

Dol. Yet these expressions shew 'tis not mere ruling
But ruling ill, you fear. When prudence sways,

Tis

'Tis happiness, not slav'ry, to be govern'd.
To bless our times with plenty, and with pleasures,
Prevent disorders, and promote diversions,
Hinder us all from hurting one another,
Take all the cares, and leave us all the joys,
Can only be accomplish'd by great power;
When plac'd in such a man as God-like *Brutus*.

Var. Where is content or pleasure under force?
The freedom of man's will not Heav'n constrains:
Who wants it, and endures it, is a brute.
Yet put the case some *Phœnix* Prince should reign,
A vulture might succeed; a Son, or Brother,
Who will undo in a few months of folly,
(For short will be his reign, tho' seeming long)
Whate'er the wife had been whole years contriving,
Like *Brutus* did you say? A man like *Brutus*
No more would be a Sov'reign, than a slave:
A man so virtuous, and so wise, well knows
'Tis better much to bear than do a hardship.

Dol. What hardship's done by acting for men's
good?

Var. What good can come from arbitrary sway?
The choicest fare, forc'd down, will cloy the stomach.
But here he comes himself to hear your Message.
At once the humblest and the highest mind
That ever shin'd in all our *Roman* story!

Exit *Varius*.





SCENE III.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

A message from *Antonius* claims a hearing,
Whom, tho' my Enemy, I still esteem.

Dol. His boldest wishes aim at nothing higher.
And therefore thus assures most noble *Brutus*;
That what he has done, was by Nature forc'd
From his fresh sorrow for his slaughter'd friend;
But now his bleeding Country moves him more,
And his soul shakes at sight of civil war.
Secure him but by taking sov'reign pow'r,
To you alone he joins with all his force.

Brut. And I abandon *Cassius*, and my friends?

Dol. Far be it from me to propose such baseness:
May they, and we, be happy under you,
And the whole world once govern'd by the virtuous.

Brut. Ah, *Dalabella*, little do you know
The mind of *Brutus*. When I slew your *Cesar*
Think you it was ambition? *Jove* is witness
I would have crown'd him rather than my self.
But *Rome* claim'd freedom, tho' by *Cesar's* death;
Tho' by destruction of my dearest friend:
And free she shall be still, if I prevail.
Antonius joining in that glorious work,

May

May claim whate'er a Common wealth can give:
Nay, I will be his soldier in her service:
Then, neither he nor we shall longer strive,
But only who shall serve his Country best.

Dol. Will you than rather see the world in arms,
Than govern it your self to make it happy?

Brut. May the great Gods destroy that world and
If e'er I suffer *Rome* to be enslav'd! [me,
Rome, that has toil'd for fame so many ages,
By valour, and by virtue tam'd mankind,
Softened rude minds, and in the wildest soils
Establish'd manners and humanity;
And, cultivating youth with strictest care,
First taught Urbanity, that usefull art
Of being most politely sociable;
(A virtue scarce known in the world beside
And chiefly owing to our liberty)
Gods! shall all this sink into mean submission?
Which in a moment would debase our souls,
Like those in wretched governments around us.

Dol. But yet submission seems design'd by Nature;
Why else has she bestow'd such different talents?
Some like your own, with worth, & skill to govern;
And thousands only fitted to obey?

Brut. As well you might imagine harmless sheep
Only created for the rav'nous wolf.

Dol. But is man blameable for mast'ring both?

Brut. No; for those beasts are of inferior rank,
But where does Nature, or the will of Heav'n,
Subject a creature to one like it self?
Man is the only brute enslaves his kind.

Dol.

Dol. Tis not the shape , but soul , that shews the likeness ;

Is a mere changeling like a man of prudence ?

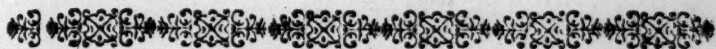
Brut. A man of prudence never will at once
Make both himself and all the world unhappy.
Think you that 'tis for envy , Kings are hated ?
Pity would rather plead in their defence ,
Did we not more compassionate their subjects.
Alas , they scarce have one contented hour ,
Few to confide in , and whole crowds to fear ;
Asham'd to rule so many wiser subjects ,
Yet often sway'd by weaker than themselves.

Dol. All this were reconcil'd , if *Brutus* govern'd ;
Freedom and empire might consist together :
Your self would be the only man uneasy ;
Which , for the sake of all , you will not grudge.

Brut. If there were colour for so vile a change ,
Or the least pleasure in the greatest power ,
Yet I abhor what I disdain to hear.
Return in safety back , but tell *Antonius* ,
My highest wish is to fix *Rome* in freedom ;
My next , to dye before she is enslav'd.

Exit Dolabella , manet Brutus.





SCENE IV.

Enter Varius and Lucilius.

V A R I U S.

THe Areopagite Council long have sate,
To do great *Brutus* some unwonted Honour.
Some voted to renew th'Olympic games,
Others with plays would crowd the theatres;
But these were held diversions too divine,
And only consecrated to the Gods.
At last, the wisest and most famous Senate,
In love to you, in service to the publick,
In veneration for superior virtue,
Resolves to rear your statue carv'd by *Samius*;
That greatest Artist, for the best of men;
And place it in the sacred Temple, next
Harmonius and *Aristogiton*,
Those worthy Patriots of learned *Athens*.

Luc. How many ages hence shall wealth of Princes
Vye for these dear Remains, so doubly famous,
Both for the work, and him it represents!

Brut. Was ever honour from so wise a people,
Design'd so kindly, yet bestow'd so ill?
I am not only destitute of merit,
But of ambition, more than to do good.
Fame's only due for deeds beyond our duty;
Who can do those in service of his Country?

The

198 MARCUS BRUTUS.

The *Romans*, and ev'n *Cassius*, may repine,
At such a partial proof of their affection,
Advise me how to shun it with respect.

Var. You should not, cannot now, without affront.
No mean assembly this, such as proceeds
In shew for publick good, with private aim;
Sluggish to meet, yet hasty to resolve.
These, in safe methods, and with prudent steps,
Encourage virtue, and uphold their Country.



SCENE V.

Enter Cassius.

CASSIUS.

I greet my friend on this new complement;
Which, in your name, shews a respect to all.
The death of *Cæsar* is a common cause,
Which Common wealths in prudence must approve.

Brut. True; noble *Cassius*; and I never would
Accept an Honour sep'rate from my friends.

Brutus has nothing in his life or humour
Suited to this unpresidented Honour.

Cass. Methinks you now esteem your self too little;
Only to prize this complement too much!

Brut. A statue rear'd to me, and rear'd by *Athens*
I own a most transcendent obligation;
But ev'ry summ and soldier they have rais'd

In aid of liberty, affects me more.

Cass. I ever thought a *Roman* General
Above reward from an *Athenian* Senate.
What is a trifle then given by grey-beards,
Mov'd by a little popularity?

Brut. But, to be mov'd by envy, sure is worse.

Cass. I did not envy *Cæsar*, tho' I slew him.

Brut. An honest mind can envy no Usurper;
You said you kill'd him for the publick good.

Cass. You know I kill'd him for the publick good.
Who doubts it, does me wrong.

Brut. Do none your self.

What, shall we two, the champions of freedom,
Like children, grudge at me another's play-things?
Come, we are friends; but think not I am fond

[Embraces him]

Of airy trifles, tho' I value fame.

Fame for good deeds is the reward of Virtue.

Thirst after fame is giv'n us by the Gods;

Both to excite our minds to noble acts,

And give a proof of some immortal state,

Where we shall know, that fame we leave behind

That highest blessing which the Gods bestow.

Cass. But 'tis a greater not to need their blessings:
You Stoicks hold a wise man is above them.

Brut. Yet not insensible to reputation.

For that he flights all torments, ev'n disgrace;

Nay, what is harder yet, despises pleasure;

A strength of mind which only man possesses.

Cass. I see no such distinction, nor wherein
Man so transcends, except in arrogance.

This great superiority of man

Often

Often comes short ev'n of the meanest creatures.
 They in their ways more happily confin'd,
 Seem not to scorn, or bear down one another:
 Never ungratefull, or the least deceiving,
 But keep wise Nature's laws with strict obedience.
 Oh happy for the world, if in these times
 Mankind in gen'ral were no worse than brutes!

Brut. Ill men, indeed, I must confess are worse.

Cass. And sure the worst of all, their Country's
 enemies.

These should be censur'd by our rev'rend Priests,
 Who always raise our thoughts to things above,
 But yet connive at villany below.

Brut. From hence the miseries of *Rome* proceed
 When fraud, oppression, foulest calumny.
 Contempt of laws, and bold impieties,
 Appear barefac'd; no Auguries more sure
 Foretell the ruin of a sinking State.

Cass. No Auguries? what do they e'er foretell,
 But as the Politician bribes the Priest?
 Mere combination against common sense.

Brut. You'll have your way; but do you not re-
 member

That Soothsayer who said the Ides of March
 Were come, not gone?

Cass. And that was all he knew:

Had he known more, why did he not inform?

Brut. The Gods decreed that *Rome* should be de-
 liver'd.

Var. That devout thought revives our sinking
 hopes.

Heav'n will not fail a cause it once has blest:

Cass.

Cass. But trust not all to that, let us be carefull.
When you shall march to-morrow after me,
Should we not leave some forces here behind ?

Brut. For what ?

Cass. To keep these people firmly to us.
They, who at *Rome* command an Empire's wealth,
Have dangerous temptations of seducing.

Var. Oh never fear it, shake *Athenian* faith ;
Tis stopping tides , or striving with the winds.

Brut. They are too learn'd, and prudent, not to
know

That 'tis the greatest folly to be false ;
Not worth a villany to gain the world.
A low mean act so rancles in the mind ,
There is no joy, nor quiet afterwards :
Kind Heav'n has formid us so , that we might find
Content and honesty still join'd together.

Cass. But then we are the more oblig'd to guard'em
Against what they might suffer for our sakes.

Brut. Kindly, and justly urg'd, I must confess.
But think you, that our enemies can spare
The smallest legion from opposing us ?
Detaching some, may be their loss of all.
Yet for this place I am concern'd so much
You shake my reason when you urge their danger.
Let them propose what guards themselves desire.

Cass. Nay, there I differ, since in war affairs,
With all their wit, they cannot judge so well :
Nor is it fit they judge in their own cause.
I'll strait assemble them, and then debate.
With calm deliberation this affair,
Which well deserves our speediest management,

O

Since

Since we are forc'd to march away so soon.
You'll come, I hope, and fix our resolution.

Exit Cassius.

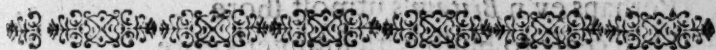
Brut. This man has some uneasiness of temper;
But over-balance'd by his publick spirit,
Which ever sways him to his Country's good.
Whate'er our Master *Zeno* may have taught us,
Nothing is wholly perfect here below.
We should applaud the merit that we find,
And cast a friendly veil on good men's faults.
My Sister *Junia* loves him to excess:
(If there can be excess in love, or friendship)
Go, and acquaint her gently with the journey
Which he must take this night towards *Philippi*.
There to decide th' important fate of *Rome*.

[*Exit Lucilius.*

I must prepare the forces under me,
To overtake him on his march to-morrow:
From thence we'll haste conjointly to the battle:
This scanty road bears us not both together,
And we must once divide, to part no more.

Exeunt Brutus and Varius.





First CHORUS,

Of Athenian Philosophers.

Written by Mr. POPE.

I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought,
Groves, where immortal Sages taught;
Where heav'nly visions *Plato* fir'd,
And Godlike *Zeno* lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood,
Unspotted long with human blood:
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades;
And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

I I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair *Virtue's* train along,
Moral Truth, and mystic *Song*!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forfaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak *Atlantic* shore?
Or bid the furious *Gaul* be rude no more?

I I I.

When *Athens* sinks by Fates unjust,
When wild *Barbarians* spurn her dust;

O 2

Per-

Perhaps ev'n *Britain's* utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore.
 See Arts her savage sons contrôle,
 An *Athens* rising near the pole!
 Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tear them from the land.

I V.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age; in ev'ry state!
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some *Athens* perishes, some *Tully* bleeds.



ACT



A C T I I.

S C E N E I.

The same Vestibule.

Enter VARIUS, with TITINIUS newly arriv'd at Athens.

T I T I N I U S.

What mean these sumptuous preparations?
Is this a time for either pomp, or pleasure?
When two, the best and boldest sons of *Rome*
The justest cause too that was e'er defended,
Are on the very brink of their destruction?

Var. Oh wrong not sacred *Athens*, Sir, the Nurse
The Mother of all Arts and Sciences:
Has she spread wit and learning thro' the world
Nay soften'd *Rome* her self (but rough before)
To Arts, to Eloquence, and gentler manners;
And is she now upbraided?

Tit. Fallacious Eloquence, and useless Arts!
I own her learning; but that polishing
Has but too much weaken'd our harder steel;
Our ancient, rough, and manly worth now bends
At the hard touch of perils and of toils.

206 MARCUS BRUTUS

Our gold is melted to a finer shape,
But mix'd with dross of flattery and corruption.
How else could *Brutus* be a banish'd man?
Or how could Liberty fly here for refuge?

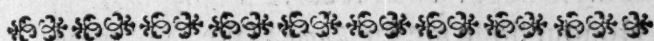
Var. And whither should it fly, if not to *Athens*?
The School of all Philosophy and virtue?
Our publick recreations here are sacred:
This day th' *Athenians*, ever true to virtue,
In this low ebb, in spite of pow'rfull *Rome*,
Have kept their custom tho' against their safety,
And consecrated sports for your success.

Tit. Is't possible? pardon a stranger's error,
Newly arriv'd with succours from afar,
Sent from the Gods, I think; for 'tis their Cause;
And unknown regions have espous'd our quarrel.

Var. The sports are just beginning; I have time
Only to let you know these are not trifles
Or such as are in Nations loose of manners;
But solemn celebrations to the Gods,
With pious Hymns imploring their protection.
Wise *Athens* ever has indulg'd diversions
With more magnificence than greatest Princes:
But they are all dispos'd in praise of virtue,
Inspiring courage, generosity,
And most of all, affection to their Country.
How think you now, *Titinius*?

Tit. I recant,
And grow my self impatient for your pleasures.





S C E N E I I.

The Scene opens , and discovers the Magnificent Temple of Bacchus , where the publick entertainments were wont to be celebrated at Athens , The statue of Brutus being this day erected , is supposed to be the occasion of these solemnities , and must appear in the farthermost part of the stage.

After the shews and songs are over , Brutus , Lucilius , Titinius , and Varius remain on the stage.

L U C I L I U S .

BY these refin'd diversions , we perceive
This town retains its old magnificence.
No wonder *Atticus* , so nice a judge ,
When he retir'd , preferr'd this place to all.

Var. Philosophy is highi'y't honour'd here ,
Aud from that fountain of superior wisdom
Flows all this stream of Arts and Sciences.

Brut. Here Poetry , harmoniously divine ,
Is most transporting , thus accompany'd
With artfull paintings , and melodious founds.
The Muses join in all Athenian pleasures.

Var. But that which has occasion'd these delights ;
Gives the true taste to all ; your matchless merit.

Brut. Hold , *Varius* ; too much has been said already

In complement : and I receive it only
 As Honour done me for *Rome's* sake , not mine.
 So prizes , taken but by vulgar hands ,
 Are brought in triumph to the Capitol.

Luc. Yet then , we know , that leader justly
 triumphs

Under whose conduct those rich spoils are gain'd.

Brut. But were our conduct equal to our cause ,
 In which the noble *Cassius* , and my self
 Have here engag'd all *Asia* on our side ,
 Yet the whole world deliver'd , must acknowledge
 All owing to this gen'rous Commonwealth.

Var. *Rome* could not fail to find support in *Athens*,
 Her elder Sister , both in Arts and Arms
 And great protectress of fair Liberty ;
 That liberty to which she owes her splendour.

Brut. Most truly noted : from whence ever came
 Good sense ; or learning , arts of peace , or war ?
 Deepness of thought , or nobleness of nature ?
 Except where Liberty enlarg'd the mind ?

Var. The very air of freedom breeds great souls ,
 Which education ripens into virtue.

Brut. And here inspires the usefulest of virtues ,
 Tender affection to our native Country.

Var. My Friends and near Relations , when I took
 My tender leave , after a thousand counsels ,
 Assur'd me that their greatest satisfaction
 Was , that they sent me to this famous place ,
 Where wisdom , and where virtue best are taught ;
 And own'd , when *Romans* write the most politely
 Their highest praise is to have copy'd well.

Brut. *Tully* himself confesses *Greece* superiour ,

Yet

Yet he, of all our famous wits of *Rome*,
Shines much the brightest.

Var. Such applause from *Brutus*
Is a reward equal to all his merit.

Tit. To be esteem'd by you, the greatest Kings
Here send their Legions, and have lent their
treasure.

Brut. And timely comes this aid; advice from
Assures us, all their force is on the march. *Rome*

Var. I thought dissension was among their Chiefs,
Each of them striving to set up himself.

Enter *Cassius*.

Cass. Just now is come most unexpected news;
Our foes have forc'd their Gen'als to be friends;
And call'd it civil war to fight in quarrels,
Between *Octavius* and *Antony*;
Yet think their war is lawfull against us.

Tit. Alas, what reasoning can there be in fools,
Who, bred in faction, blindly join with knaves?

Luc. They are for license, not for liberty;
And love those Gen'als best, who lead to mischief.

Brut. You have describ'd a State just ripe for ruin.

Cass. Small marches need they make, to meet a foe
So eager as we are, to free our Country.
Oh the delay is tiresome!

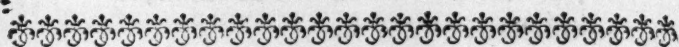
Brut. Yet have patience.
With vigour act, but think of all with caution.

Cass. Our rendezvous is settled at *Philippi*

Brut. Thither you march to-night, and I to-
morrow.

But *Tullia* comes, I fear, to mourn your absence.

[*Exeunt*, *Manet* *Cassius*.]



S C E N E III.

Enter JUNIA.

JUNIA.

NOW, all the Gods that guard the innocent,
Protect my *Cassius*! they are marching hither:
Ruin is rolling on us from afar.

Cass. Not hither, *Junia*; we shall spare their pains;
Our forces intercept their bold presumption,
And I just now am making haste to meet them.

Jun. Come then, away; with you all pains are easy;
I am this moment ready for the journey.

Cass. Ready, alas! you must not for this world
Share in the shifts and hazards I must run.
Virtue like yours, here none will dare to harm.
And while you stay in *Athens*, I am easy,
My dear, and better half, is out of danger.

Jun. And am I yet more wretched than I thought?
I had no comfort left for your misfortunes,
But that I was to share them ev'ry where:
And will you take that from me? O 'tis hard.
You would not, if you saw my fighting heart.

Cass. And you should go, did I not doubt my own:
But 'tis so tender always towards you,
It shakes, alas, my firmest resolutions.
I, like some skilful Swimmer in a shipwreck,

Graf

Grasping his only treasure in his arms,
 May, for thy sake, make too much haste to shore,
 Leaving the bark with all my friends behind.
 Your sighs would blow away my best resolves,
 Soften my soul, and slacken all its strength.
 When all's at stake, I eagerly may fix
 My mind on you, and never think beyond.

Jun. Beyond? why, is there any thing beyond
 The dear, the charming object of our love?
 Mere thought of that is height of happiness.
 What image have we of Elysian Bowers,
 But such a gentle, calm, contented state?
 What has this trifle of a world to do
 With a blest pair, who live embracing thus?

Cass. What says my charmer? can I leave this
 woman?

I could look thus and languish here for ever.
 Yet there's one tie, more dear than life, or love;
 'Tis Honour, and the sacred good of *Rome*:
 For these I kill'd the greatest man on earth,
 Engag'd the best and noblest of mankind
 (And saying that, I need not name your Brother)
 To stab his Friend, and his own heart at once.
 Since I have done all this, I must do more;
 Leave *Junia* here, and all my joys behind.

Jun. Did I e'er think that *Cassius* would forsake me?

Cass. Forsake? I leave you as the richest pledge
 Which can be giv'n to this illustrious city,
 That *Rome* it self can be no dearer to me,
 Than friendly *Athens* for protecting you.

Jun. Jewels we prize we seldom leave behind:

Oh

212 MARCUS BRUTUS.

Oh take me with you! my officious love
Perhaps may shield you from some sudden danger;
Softens your angry and uneasy hours,
And make adversity it self seem pleasing.
My love could do all this, if yours were equal.

[Weep:]

Cass. All this? nay more, what cannot *Junia* do?
Then, since I dare not hazard you in armies,
I will stay here, and dye within your arms.

Jun. You dye? oh Heav'n? the very sound of
that

Checks my designs, and chills all my desires.

Cass. Hast thou not heard how hard ungratefull
Rome

Pursues the men who once deliver'd her;
And riots in the blood of her redeemers?
Two of our band they have destroy'd already
And vow to spare no Murderer of *Cesar*;
That is to say, no man that lov'd his Country,
Ruin'd himself, only to rescue her.

Jun. Oh I have talk'd too long: go on, make haste,
I am not wont, alas, to use this language,
But now I can say nothing else, away,
No matter what becomes of me, away.

Cass. Your spotless fame must always be your guard;
Rudeness it self will reverence such virtue.
I must immediately haste to our friends,
Who all assembled in the fields of *Sardis*,
Wait there for me and *Brutus*. He to-morrow,
Shall follow, at the head of mighty numbers,
Rais'd only by the credit of our cause,
A Cause, well worthy of the world to succour.

Oh,

Oh, while, I languish out this long, long absence,
Take care of all my treasure, thy dear self.

Jun. Farewel! thou truest, kindest, best of men!
But one look more---and then a long farewell
To all content---all, till we meet again.

[Exit *Cassius*, Manet *Junia*.]



SCENE IV.

Enter *VARIUS*.

VARIUS.

JUNIA in tears! So shines an April Sun;
And so the precious dew that drops on flowers,
Steals down unheeded by the vulgar eye:
But I admire this Master-piece of Nature.

Jun. Alas, my Lord, *Cassius* is gone to *Sardis*.

Var. Is't possible? So I was told before,
Yet never could believe it 'till this moment.

Jun. Why, was it not determin'd so in Council?

Var. I must confess it was debated there,
And wish'd by some, that all our force at *Sardis*,
Had some great Chief, for keeping martial sway:
But who could hope that *Cassius* would be willing
To part from you, one day, without occasion?

Jun. Is it so strange that *Cassius* should be forward
In all the proofs of courage, or of conduct?

Var. His fame forbids I should have such a thought.
But yet ---

Jun. But what? I cannot guess your meaning.

Var.

Var. Not all the noble discipline of war,
 Strict rules of conduct, heat of martial prowess,
 The faith of friendship, or the oaths of leagues,
 Not fame it self, no nor the publick good,
 Deserve to be preferr'd to *Junia's* love.

Jun. But *Rome's* at stake.

Var. And well it would be lost,
 For staying here one night within those arms.

Jun. Varius, so high a complement as this
 Shews you have study'd long at courtly *Athens*;
 Where you have learn'd to know all things, but me
 Who, tho' I value *Caius Cassius*,
 As slaves do liberty, or sick men health,
 Nay more than most of my own sex love power;
 Yet (what I think the very worst of fates)
 I would lose sight of that dear man for ever,
 Rather than see him fail our Country's cause.

Var. Oh ample recompence for all his troubles,
 To be so lov'd by you! but is he grate full,
 Who can so easily endure your absence?

Jun. I mourn for his, and judge his grief by mine
 Retirement suits a solitary wife,
 And melancholy loves to be alone.

Var. But should not be indulg'd against your health
Offers to go on
Stops her.

Rather shine forth, and cheer your brother's soul,
 Which daily sinks beneath a thousand cares.

Jun. His soul's too great to need such feeble help
 Besides, tho' pris'd he be above expression,
 Yet ev'n his friendship must not vye with love:

MARCUS BRUTUS. 215.

One thought of *Cassius* out-weighs all things else.
Cassius, whose noble soul would ne'er submit
 To him who domineer'd o'er all besides:
Cassius, contriver of the Tyrant's fall;
 And, (what is more, far more than all the rest)
 That hardy man who mov'd it first to *Brutus*.
 This man, my Husband, or my Hero rather,
 Shall with his presence ever cheer my eyes,
 Or in his absence take up all my thoughts.

Exit Junia.

SCENE V.

Enter Brutus.

B R U T U S.

MY sister weeping! tho' her reason governs;
 I judge her grief for *Cassius*, by my own;
 For *Portia*'s absence sits upon my heart:
 Nor need I blush to bear the tender burthen,
 So much she merits, and so well she loves.
 But publick cares must silence privat grief,
 Since ev'ry hour some fresh expressess tell
 New fatal turns in *Rome*, portending ill:
 The wav'ring *Lepidus* (perceiving *Caesar*
 Had cunningly agreed with *Antony*)
 Tho' with a greater army, yields, to them.

Var. What says, the noble *Brutus*; -- *Junia* gone!

Brut. Is *Varius* deaf to dangers of his Country?

Var.

Var. Forbid it *Jove*! but *Junia*'s melancholy,
So very moving, took up all my thoughts.

Brut. Too moving, I'm afraid.

Var. Indeed my Lord,
Had you perceiv'd the charms of weeping beauty,
That gorgeous dress which sorrow had put on,
(Out-shining all the gaiety of youth
The pleasing smiles of mirth, and air of joy)
Your gentle nature would be mov'd like mine.

Brut. Why you have drawn a picture, my young
Like any Poet, nay like any Lover. [*Varius*,
What, does that word draw forth a guilty blush?
Be not alarm'd, no more than I am, *Varius*;
Junia's strict virtue and known love to *Cassius*,
Fully prevent my fears, unless for you;
Whose Father's wond'rons merit, and your own,
Give me a soft concern, as for a son.
She is above your very vainest hopes!
Not the most tempting charms of wit or worth,
Most gracefull forms, or dazling shew of greatness,
Can make impressiion on a mind like her's;
Who, tho my sister, forces praises from me.

Var. Too much, alas, I join in *Junia*'s praise;
My eager thoughts still fly before your words,
And find them short, far short of *Junia*'s due.

Brut. Then whence can rise self flatt'ring expecta-
Can *Varius* reason thus against him self, [tion?
And act quite contrary to what he thinks?
Oh what is man, when blinded with his passion?

Var. Why just that Creature Heaven thought fit to
make him.

You are, indeed, exempt from all our follies,
And

And rest serene within : yet pity others !
Behold , I own my undisguis'd offence ,
And freely open all my thoughts to you ;
To you , who are a very God to *Varius* ,
Who can at once forgive , and cure my weakness :

Brut. But only by despair : without that help ,
There is no God himself can give you ease :
A sharp , I must confess , but certain cure.
Our stoical Philosophy instructs us ,
A wise man is above the reach of *Jove* ,
Yet hardly scapes the worst of *Demons* , love .
But since good *Junia*'s soul is firm as fate ,
Be yours so too . What helps it to be learn'd ?
Or to be wise in bus'ness of the world ;
Nay , where would be the good to rule that world ;
Without an inward pow'r to govern passion ?
The man disturb'd within , is but a player ;
May act abroad , perhaps , some Hero's part ,
But sinks at home , a low , uneasy slave .

Var. To teach is easy ; but to learn is hard .
As well might heav'nly *Socrates* infuse
His own wise temper while he taught his morals ;
As *Brutus* raise my soul to equal his .

Brut. Be not so modest , *Varius* , nor so courtly ;
Brutus is not your Mistress , but your Friend .
The *Roman* virtue shines so bright in you ,
Nothing is wanting to make up perfection
But your command o'er this unfruitful passion .
Love , ev'n when most successfull , makes not happy .
Sometimes indeed , pleasure beyond expression
Possesses all at once both mind and body ,
Confounding soul and sense with height of rapture .

But what allays o'erbalance all this joy !
 Frequent disquiets, doubts, and jealousies;
 Sometimes the pains of absence, and sometimes
 Amidst the bliss, a dismal dread to lose it.
 At best, the pleasure is but intermitting,
 While the uneasy fever never ceases,
 But love, when slighted, is intolerable:
 Who courts the fairest tyrant, is a fool,
 And lives a martyr in the meanest cause.

Var. Enough, enough, I am already cur'd,
 At least, till *Junia* is beheld again.

Brut. 'Tis half a cure in love to wish for one.
 Give me your hand, you'll march with me to-mor-
 row;

Where you will drown your sighs in sounds of war,
 And turn your tend'rest thoughts on your poor
 Country.

Exeunt Brutus and Varius.

Second CHORUS,

Of Athenian Youths and Virgins
by Mr. POPE.

Y O U T H S.

O H tyrant Love! has thou possess'
 The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.

Love

Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But entering learns to be sincere;
Varius with blushes owns he loves,
 And *Brutus* tenderly reproves.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature has imprest?
 Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?

Virgins.

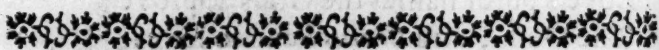
Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
 The Gods, and *Brutus* bend to love:
Brutus for absent *Portia* sighs,
 And sterner *Cassius* melts at *Junia's* eyes.
 What is loose love? a wandering fire,
 A transient fit of fond desire.
 But *Hymen's* flames like stars unite,
 And burn for ever one;
 Chaste as cold *Cynthia's* virgin light;
 Productive as the Sun.

Youths.

What various joys on one attend;
 As son, as father, husband, friend?
 Whether his hasty fire he spies,
 And finds a thousand grateful thoughts arise;
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
 Or views his smiling progeny;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With reverence, hope, and love.

Chorus of both.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
False oaths, false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes;
(Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine)
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred *Hymen*! these are thine.



A C T. III.

S C E N E I.

In the same Vestibule.

Enter Brutus, Junia, Lucilius.

L U C I L I U S.

A Messenger express arriv'd from Rome,
Is entering mournfully the Palace Gates;
And, as he passes, weeping all the way.

Brut. My mind forbodes; speak, is my *Portia* well?

Enter Messenger, who gives a letter to Brutus.

Mess. She is, Sir.

Brut. Then I hope to bear the worst.

„ My duty forces me to send you news, *Reads.*
„ Which, tho' you needs must know, I grieve to [write.
„ Two hundred of the noblest rank in Rome
„ Proscrib'd, and murder'd, *Cicero* himself

Giv

Giv'n up by false *Octavius* to his foes.

Good Heav'ns! to whom do ye dispose mankind?

[Drops the letter.

Sad fate indeed, so great a Villany

Is most surprizing, tho' 'tis done by them.

Weeps.

Jun. Dismal indeed! but oh my dearest Brother,
Let not your tender mind be too much touch'd;

Practise that patience which you now taught me.

Cassius is absent, I am desolate,

Yet *Rome*, you said, must take up all my thoughts.

Brut. And therefore 'tis for *Rome* I most lament,
At once depriv'd of her most worthy Sons!

Those Sons are to be envy'd, not bemoan'd;

Most noble sufferers in their Country's cause!

Great *Cicero* lives still, shall live for ever;

While men can read, or value worth or learning.

But *Rome* her self appears all pale before me,

Gushing out tears, and wringing helpless hands;

Rome, *Rome* has lost her best, her purest blood!

Weeps again.

Jun. *Brutus*, be cheer'd: her vital parts remain;

In you and *Cassius* flows the *Roman* spirit,

That still inspires whole armies on her side.

Luc. 'Tis nobly, truly said; and you bright *Junia*

Possess a soul, tho' in a softer frame,

Lofty enough to animate ev'n them.

Brut. She does, *Lucilius*; and were *Portia* here,

But I alas shall never be so happy)

Cassius and I should be but followers

Of them in the defence of liberty.

But oh, my *Cicero*! who speaks thy praise,

Must have a tongue like thine , beyond the bounds
Of *Roman* Eloquence ; and fit to fill
The mouth of Fame with never-dying sounds.

Jun. How could *Octavius* consent to lose him ,
The best , as well as wisest of his friends ?

Brut. Ambition over-eager , checks at nothing ;
A goodly , but a dang'rous bird of prey ;
Flies at all game , and never to be tam'd ,
She pecks , and tears the hand on which she sits.
I often warn'd good *Tully* of his danger !
But all in vain , when Heav'n will have it so.
He wish'd himself with us at *Cesar's* death ,
And heartily , I doubt not ; tho' his foes
Suspected his too soft and tender nature.



S C E N E I I.

*Enter some Liſtors , bringing in Theodotus
with them bound as a priſoner.*

L I C T O R S.

WE have discovered here *Theodotus* ,
Odious to all mankind for *Pompey's* death.

Jun. What , he that made a formal ſpeech for
murder ?

And with a philoſophick gravity
Sanctify'd miſchief with a rev'rend tongue ?
The Orator wants words in his own cauſe.

Brut. Speak for thy self; that justice thou shalt have.

The. Had I not often own'd my crime with tears,
So self-condem'd already: or if *Brutus*
Were not my judge, the good, the faultless *Brutus*,
Black tho' I now appear, and all disfigur'd
With common prejudice; yet I might give
Fair colour to this hated, foul offence.
But who can stand the test of strictest justice?
Or how can words avail to sway the wise?
This wisdom and this justice are in *Brutus*:
So much superior thou to other men,
That at thy judgment-seat, the greatest art
Is useless to excuse the smallest fault.

Brut. Say boldly all thou can'st.

The. Else, I might say, 'tis hard to be condemn'd
For doing that, which if I had not done,
I might have justly been condemn'd by those
Who summon'd me to Council for their safety.
I thought their safety ask'd for *Pompey's* death:
Oh that I could redeem it with my own:
Pompey was great, was good, was wise, was valiant,
But yet was vanquish'd by more happy *Cesar*;
Who, had his foe been spar'd, would soon have shewn
A real rage, which now he but affected.
Could *Egypt* stop the Victor of *Pharsalia*?
All we could give was but a poor reprieve,
A hardship worse than death to minds resolv'd,
Rome and her liberty entirely lost,
Pompey would have disdain'd a life precarious,
Which yet had cost our King and Country dear.
Would he had counsell'd, and would I had dy'd!
For he, who as a *Roman*, dy'd for *Rome*,

If born with us, would have advis'd for *Egypt*.

Jun. With all thy guilt, how durst thou name
great *Pompey*?

The. Ev'n he was guilty once, and slew your Father,
Yet, grant he was the bravest, best of men,
Victorious often in the cause of *Rome*,
While I was but a Counsellor for *Egypt*.
Since Fame rewards his service to his Country,
Should I be punish'd for assisting mine?

Brut. If words could change the nature of ill deeds,
Thy head would be indebted to thy tongue,
Which, I must needs allow, has done its part,
And makes my tender nature with thee hence,
Out of my reach, as well as will, to punish.
But here I stand the Substitute of *Rome*;
Which with united sighs bemoans her *Pompey*;
And weeping waits to have his death reveng'd.
Thy worthless Prince and Country were too slight
A sacrifice to *Pompey*, at his feet
Cesar himself was not too great to fall:
Think but on that, and thou wilt dye content.

Exeunt *Lucilius* and Officers
with *THEODOTUS*.

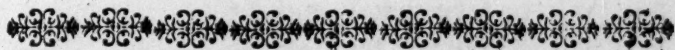
'Twere barbarous to reason with a wretch
Long since condemn'd to dye by *Rome's* decree.
But he was no *Egyptian*, as he pleaded;
Nor subject to that Prince he so advis'd.

Jun. What King or Country dares be so audacious
To hurt the meanest Senator of *Rome*?
How then durst any think of killing *Pompey*?

Brut. Presumptuous wickedness? *Pompey* o'ercome,
Abandon'd by his friends, a fugitive,

At

At mercy of the meanest , basest Villain ;
Yet in that lowest ebb was much too high
For such a Prince as *Ptolemy* to reach.
From *Ptolemy* , prostrate at *Pompey*'s feet ,
Not only aid , but reverence was due.
That Chief escaping , might have chang'd *Rome*'s fate ;
And the whole world had been oblig'd to *Egypt*.



SCENE III.

LUCILIUS.

LUCILIUS.

B Ase Villany is seldom at a stand ,
But still proceeding on to greater mischief :
From murd'ring Senators at *Rome* , they now
Lift their aspiring treachery to *Brutus*.
The wise *Athenians* , watchfull of your safety ,
Have newly seiz'd a slave in foul disguise ,
Who on the *Rack* confesses all the Crime.
„ Hie thee to *Athens* , said the base *Octavius* ,
„ And save thy Master , save us all , save *Rome* ;
„ Go purchase fame and freedom by a blow :
„ Our foes are all united in that *Brutus* ;
„ He , he alone inspir'd the death of *Caesar*.
„ Be desperate , be secret , and be rich.
Brut. I pity the poor wretch ; he knows no better .
At his return , how would his Master grieve
To find me safer here , than he at *Rome*.

226 MARCUS BRUTUS.

He does but shoot these arrows in the air.

Luc. Except at *Rome* infected by our foes,
Virtue like yours is ev'ry where secure,
And claims the just protection of Mankind.

Jun. Your life is so important,
Youths quit their pleasures, soldiers slight their pay.
Ev'n misers leave their wealth to watch your safety.

Brut. I let go the slave to tell *Octavius* this.

Luc. What, save that wretch?

Brut. Both save and let him go.

In this attempt he but obey'd his Master.

(Exit *Lucilius*.)

Oh that there were no *Romans* worse than he!
This slave would kill; but 'tis to get his freedom!
But ah! ev'n Senators are growing slaves,
Careless of honour, void of honesty,
Forgetting all their noble ancestors,
And ruining a glorious Common wealth!

Enter *Timpius* and *Lucilius* again

Tit. Cassius has sent me here with this reply,
He wants that Gold himself, which you would borrow;

Of which, at meeting, you shall have account.
These letters I have brought for noble *Junia*.

(*Junia* goes out with the letters.)

Luc. Your Legions then must stay till his are paid.

Brut. Think not the worst, *Lucilius*, ere it comes.
At *Sardis* we shall meet by break of day.
I'll take one hour's repose, and then for *Sardis*.
Good night to both.

Luc. Rest to your noble thoughts.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

BRUTUS, *laid on his Couch.*

BRUTUS.

TIs but in vain, sleep is not to be courted.
Sing, Boy, the Song that *Portia* likes so well,
And sooth my thoughts with some melodious
sounds.

(Soft musick and Song.

Man is himself an instrument of musick;
But yet some string is always out of tune,
And ev'ry sound we make shews our confusion.
Why should this death of *Cæsar* trouble me?
I did it not for anger, or ambition;
But for mere honesty, and publick good;
Nay, good to him; for in my own opinion,
'Tis better much to dye, than live unjustly.
My fellow Citizens, my kindred, friends,
All sunk at once beneath his rising fortune.
And should I tamely suffer an Usurper
T'enslave mankind, because he smiles on me?
Friendship indeed is the most tempting bribe;
But justice should be blind to all its beauty:
And yet a restlessness attends such deeds,
Tho' ne'er so just: something that feels unwieldy,
That sits uneasy on a gentle nature;
I cannot sleep, unless I shake it off.

S C E.



S C E N E V.

Enter a Spirit in the shape of Cæsar full of wounds.

SURE I sleep now, or else my eyes delude me.
 I know 'tis fancy all; and yet I stagger;
 Ha, it comes on: what art thou? when alive,
 Tho' arm'd with pow'r, adorn'd with fame and
 greatness,

I fear'd thee not, because thou wert unjust;
 But, more than human now, thou seem'st above me!
 Speak, unknown being! I conjure thee, speak.

Spir. I am thy evil genius, *Marcus Brutus*.
 And have assum'd this shape to give thee terror.

Brut. Terror? how cam'st thou to know me no
 better?

Sure thou art ignorant, as well as evil.

Spir. Is murder then no crime?

Brut. Killing is none;

When done not for our selves but for our Country.

Spir. Not for your self indeed; you stab'd your
 friend. [part

Brut. Friend? oh, thou touchest now my tender.
 Oh, name that word no more!

Spir. A friend! a friend!

Brut. But what's a friend, compar'd with publick
 good?

Convince me, if thou can'st, oh, teach me truth!
 And

MARCUS BRUTUS. 229

And shew me but one glimpse of future being,
Of which we talk so much, yet know so little!
Dispel these mists that muffle poor mankind,
And open to me all that glorious Scene!
Shew me where Virtue smiles, and sits enthron'd,
And where Morality finds just reward;
'Tis sure, above: for ill men prosper here.

Spir. Soon at *Philippi* thou shalt know it all.

Brut. Shall we then meet again?

Spir. Yes, at *Philippi*.

Brut. I'll meet thee there, I'll meet thee any where.

[*Exit Spir.*]

Now I am resolute, the shadow flies,
And vanishes together with my fear.
What ho!

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Lord

Brut. Did you see nothing?

Boy. No.

Brut. Nor hear me speak?

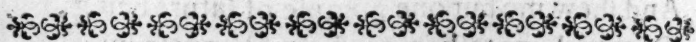
Boy. Nothing at all, my Lord.

Brut. Let every thing be ready for our March;
And call me up, be sure, by break of day.
Till then I'll sleep within.

[*Exeunt*]



Third



Third CHORUS,

Of Roman Senators:

DARK is the maze poor Mortals tread;
 Wisdom it self a Guide will need.
 We little thought when *Caesar* bled
 That a worse *Caesar* wou'd succeed.
 And are we under such a curse,
 We can not change but for the worse?

With fair pretence of foreign force
 By which *Rome* must her self enthrall;
 These without blushes or remorse
 Proscribe the best; impoverish all.
 The *Gauls* themselves our greatest Foes,
 Could act no mischiefs worse than those:
 That *Julius* with ambitious thoughts
 Had Virtues too his foes could find:
 These equal him in all his faults;
 But never in his noble mind.
 That free born Spirits should obey
 Wretches who know not how to sway!

Late we repent our hasty choice,
 In vain bemoan so quick a turn;
 Hark all to *Rome's* united voice;
 Better that we a while had born
 Ev'n all those ills which most displease.
 Than sought a cure far worse than the disease.

ACT.



A C T I V.

S C E N E I.

A field near Philippi, where Cassius and Brutus made the rendezvous of their Armies.

Enter Brutus and Officers.

B R U T U S.

Is here that I and Cassius were to join :
What say our Scouts ? Is any Army near ?

Off. The rising dust discovers their approach ;
And some , impatient of so slow a march ,
Are just arriv'd before to meet their friends.

Enter Lucilius.

Brut. O , here's Lucilius , whom I sent to Cassius.

Luc. Cassius , my Lord , salutes the noble Brutus ;
And hastens , to embrace him.

Brut. O Lucilius !

Cassius , is alter'd much , or ill advis'd ;
Has , I am loth to say it , done some things
Which do not well become so great a man ;
But , since he is so near , I'll stay my censure ,

And

And wish to find my jealousy mistaken.
 But, good *Lucilius*, how did he receive you,
 When you brought friendly notice I was near?

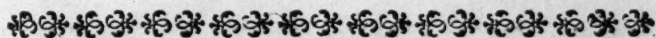
Luc. With forms, and complements, and great
 respect,

Out-doing enemies in ceremony;
 But no familiarity betwixt us;
 None of that free and friendly conference,
 Which we have us'd of old: and when he nam'd you
 'Twas always with such set, affected praise;
 As if the commendation had no meaning
 But to be told again.

Brut. I am afraid

Thou judgest but too right. Nothing is nobler
 Than friendship, till it once begins to fail;
 But then ashamed, and conscious of defect,
 It hides it self in compliment and care:
 At the first shock, off falls the frail disguise;
 Falsehood is foolish, and betrays it self.
 There is no art in plain and friendly truth,
 Which like the Sun shines forth by its own light.
 Violent minds sometimes make glorious shew,
 Like gilding shine, equal to real Gold,
 But in the usage, how much difference?
 Hark! he's arriv'd; march gently on to meet him.





SCENE II.

Enter CASSIUS, &c.

CASSIUS.

Embracing thus is but a thing of form;
For 'tis not fit that both our Armies here
Should once suspect the least dispute between us.

Brut. The common cause indeed requires our care
And all our discontents should yield to that.

Cass. Brutus, let us retire into my tent,
Left here by chance some unbecoming word
Break out too loud.

Brut. Are we so little masters of our selves?
How can we then be fit to govern Armies?

Cass. You think your self above those common
frailties.

*Brut.** The Stoics are above unruly passion.
But, since you would retire, I am content.
My soldiers may remove beyond those fields.
Lucilius, march a little off this ground.

Let your men do the like, under pretence
Of our conferring about great affairs;
Indeed our greatest, for a home-dispute
Is of more consequence than foreign dangers.

Cass. Titinius, let my forces move away
To yonder plain, and leave us all alone,
'Tis necessary we should be in private.

Exeunt all, except *Brutus*.

and *Cassius*.

Q

SCE-



SCENE III.

CASSIUS.

YOU ask'd me fifty talents for your Legions,
 And in a style as to your treasurer,
 As if I should prefer yours to my own:
 Am I to be impos'd on thus by you? [Ship.

Brut. Sure *Cassius* little knows the force of friend-
 Writing so freely shew'd my trust and kindness.
 He that desires a favour from a friend,
 Does him the greatest in desiring it.

Cass. Come, I must tell you, over-great applause
 Lifts you too high. Should I, who kill'd even *Cæsar*,
 Only for his excessive power and pride,
 Should I at last submit thus to another?
 From a superiour my stars defend me!

Brut. From a superiour? you little know me:
 I scarce would be superiour to my slaves,
 Except in vertue; that is worthy pride.

Cass. Then think not Sir, of being above me.

Brut. I wish I were not, by these weak suspicions.
 What jealous of a friend? it moves my pity.

Cass. Pity? I scorn it.

Brut. Scorn your rage that moves it.
 My pity is not, ought not to be slighted:
 'Tis like the kind compassion of a parent,
 Full of concern, and free from all contempt,
 Rather deserves your thanks than your reproach.

Cass.

MARCUS BRUTUS. 235

Cass. My thanks for what? for domineering
o'er me?

Brut. Yet reason has some right to govern passion.

Cass. *Brutus*, you have an over-ruling way,
Which, under colour of a patient calmness,
Expects compliance with your gentle temper:
But I see through it.

Brut. See! your passion blinds you.

Cass. You have no passion, yet provoke another's

Brut. Is it provoking to inform a brother
Of faults no other dares presume to tell him,
And yet most necessary he should know?
Your troops have done most dismal outrages;
Forc'd harmless wretches from their native homes,
Slighted the widows and the orphans tears,
Gather'd their last remains with greedy gripe,
That which poor swains had labour'd for whole
years,

Is in one moment plunder'd by your soldiers:
This sinks our cause, which rose at first so glorious.
Shall we, who soar'd so high in reputation,
And open'd ev'ry mouth in our just praises,
Now on a sudden fall to dire oppression?
Shall we at last pull down with our own hands
That lofty fabrick of well-founded honour?

Cass. Am I to answer for it?

Brut. With your fame,
That stands expos'd to ev'ry just man's censure.

Cass. Go on no more, I will no longer bear it.

Brut. By Heav'n you shall hear all; then do your
worst.

Dare I not say what ever you dare act?

Am I not equally concern'd with you
In this great war for freedom of our Country?
Yet must not tell whatever hurts our cause?

Cass. Tempt me not farther, Sir, you may
repent it.

Brut. Tempt not you me with all your furious looks:
I am above your threats, and can look down
Both on your self and them.

Cass. Were it not for the cause we have in hand,
I would not bear this heap of injuries.

Brut. Injure? where is that unlucky man
Who can with reason make complaint of me?
If any, I'll acknowledge it with shame.

The man who wrongs his meanest adversary,
Exalts his enemy above himself.
And can you think that I could injure *Cassius*
My brother, and my friend?

Cass. If hearing lyes
With greedy ears, and soon believing them:
If misinterpreting whate'er I do,
And representing things in foulest colours,
Can be call'd wronging, who was e'er so wrong'd?

Brut. If I have said one word that sounds unkindly,
My tongue has slipp'd, and quite deceiv'd my heart,
That melts like wax before your hottest anger.
Behold my tears for having so much vex'd you.

Cass. What says my *Brutus*? speak that word again,
Am I not then so foul, so full of faults?

Brut. It was my frailty to presume so much.

Cass. And mine to be suspicious of my *Brutus*.
All shall be mended.

Brut. But can you forgive

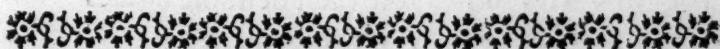
Too sharp expressions, tho' with kind intent?

Cass. So kind intent, I own the obligation.
No man but *Brutus* durst have spoke so boldly;
No man but *Brutus* would have spoke so kindly.

Brut. Oh *Cassius* nothing but the tendrest friendship,
And when I thought it for the publick good,
Could have embolden'd me to censure you.

Cass. Embrace me close, and witness how my heart
Leaps up transported with this sudden change!

Brut. It was an eager argument indeed,
But ends as it should do between such friends,
Resenting nothing but their Country's wrongs.
Methinks good spirits hov'ring all around us,
Should to the world proclaim our happy union.
Now, while our enemies combine in mischief,
Thus firmly join'd, we'll first be Conquerors,
Then make all *Rome* contented as our selves.



S C E N E I V.

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

C A S S I U S.

C Ome in *Lucilius*, welcome good *Titinius*,
Let us consult of our necessities,
And manage well this last important stake.

Brut. The state is thus at *Rome*: my letter mentions
Full fifty Senators, with thousands more,
Newly proscrib'd; and *Cicero* is one.

Q 3

Cass.

Cass. *Cicero* one? that talking friend of *Cæsar*?

Octavius has well paid him for his pains;

May ill men ever use each other so.

Brut. Oh gently censure ev'n a foe when dead.

See, *Cassius*; here the curse of over-caution.

The wary walker who mistrusts too much,

Treads not so firm, but faintly, and so stumbles:

Thus *Tully* fell, by too much fear of falling.

Cass. But *Antony*, and young *Octavius*

Are marching hither with a mighty force:

The useless *Lepidus* is left at Rome.

Brut. The question is, whether we had not best

Haste on, with anger bent against our foes,

Rather than tamely wait their bold assault.

Cass. I am for staying here: my reason this.

So long a march must weary our strength,

Which rest will give us here. Let them come on

And tir'd with toil expose their bending bodies

Under our lusty arms, vig'rous and fresh:

Besides, in this we take the stoutest part;

For resolute expecting certain danger

Shews the most settled courage; while the Coward

Runs often fiercely on, to shun his fear,

And swallow down in haste the bitter draught.

Brut. Some reasons have a strange fallacious force;

Just as the pleasing colours us'd by artists

Delude the very fight. But in my judgment,

It tires our army more to tarry here.

Opinion is the soul of every action;

Keep but that up, that keeps up all the rest:

And 'tis maintain'd by marks of resolution,

By rushing on the foe, forcing to fight,

Not

Not lingering here behind with slacken'd vigour.
 We must depend upon our zeal and cause,
 And therefore in hot blood shall do it best.
 If once we cool, their surer discipline
 Will soon prevail against our new-rai'd force.
 The hearts of all our soldiers now are set
 On fierce encountering, all their rage inflam'd;
 There's nothing wanting but to draw their swords,
 And down goes tyranny, to rise no more.
 Can we sit still, and pause with such a thought?
 So near a glorious deed there's no repose:
 Impatience makes unquiet expectation,
 And eager nature can allow no rest.

Cass. You shall prevail: we'll let 'em but refresh,
 And then we'll charge the foe.

Brut. Let us embrace; and, o my dearest brother,
 This quarrel shall but make us better friends.



Fourth CHORUS,
Of Roman Soldiers.

O Ur Vows thus cheerfully we sing,
 While Martial Musick fires our blood:
 Let all the neighboring Echos ring
 With clamours for our Country's good.
 And for reward, of the just Gods we claim,
 A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May *Rome* be freed from wars alarms,

Q 4

And

240 MARCUS BRUTUS.

And taxes heavy to be born :
 May she beware of foreign Arms,
 And send them back with noble scorn.
 And for reward , of the just Gods we claim
 A life with freedom , or a death with fame.

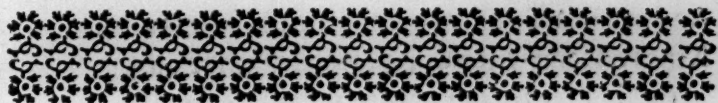
May she no more confide in Friends ,
 Who nothing farther understood ,
 Than only for their private ends
 To waste her wealth & spill her blood.
 And for reward , &c . . .

Our Senators great *Jove* restrain
 From private piques they prudence call ;
 From the low thoughts of little gain ,
 And hazarding the losing all.
 And for reward , &c. . .

The shining Arms with haste prepare ,
 Then to the glorious combat fly ,
 Our minds unclog'd with farther care ,
 Except to overcome or dye.
 And for reward , &c . . .

They fight oppression to increase ,
 We for our Libertys & Laws :
 It were a sin to doubt success ,
 When Freedom is the noble cause.
 And for reward , of the just Gods we claim
 A life with freedom , or a death with fame.

ACT



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The field of Philippi.

Brutus, Cassius, Lucilius and Titinius,
with other Officers, at the head of
their Army.

Enter Varius hastily.

V A R I U S.

Propitious stars favour our cause already.
Behold! a heedless party of *Ottavius*
Hast'ning too fast, is fall'n within our ambush;
And we may cut them off without defence.

Cass. Fall on 'em instantly.

Brut. Hold, *Cassius*, hold,
And spare your fellow-citizens at mercy.

Cass. The death of these will make the day our
own.

Brut. 'Twill rather make the rest more desperate.
Consider, *Cassius*, they are *Romans* all.

Cass. So much the worse, fighting against their
Country.

Brut. Alas, they do but follow wicked leaders,
And are our Countrymen with all their faults;
Kindred, nay friends, perhaps to thee, or me.

Cass. Thy tender nature will undo us all.

Brut. Good *Cassius*, let me over-rule in this,
And you in all things else shall govern me.
Order our Soldiers not to kill a man, (to *Lucilius*
But seize them gently, as your future friends.
Oh, *Cassius*, what a pleasure 'tis to save
Romans from falling in a shamefull cause.

Cass. I can no longer contradict my *Brutus*;
Your mercy is so moving: yet I own
This battle never was approv'd by me:
For I would ne'er have ventur'd at one blow
So great a stake as all our liberties;
But rather have prolong'd th'important war.
I use to flight presages; but of late,
My mind, I know not how, forboding ill,
Spite of my reason feels a drooping sadness,
And by its gloomy light foresees misfortune.

Brut. In such a cause it were a fault to fear;
Else, *Cassius*, I might have some fancies too;
For *Cesar's* Ghost appear'd to me last night,
At all his gaping wounds breathing revenge;
And when I would have reason'd with it, vanish'd.

Cass. Alas good *Brutus*, what can be in that,
But an effect of melancholy fumes?
A dark and dismall picture, lively drawn
By dreaming fancy, tho' we think we wake.
Our Sect believes no spirits; if there be,
At least, if they are such as *Plato* fancies,
Those purer beings who behold our cause,

Those

MARCUS BRUTUS. 243

Those Demi-gods will sure encourage virtue;
And give their fellow Creatures just assistance.
Thus in the midst of slaughter we shall find
Ten thousand airy Legions on our side,
Sent to our aid, as Heav'n's Auxiliaries.

Enter *Lucilius*, with an Officer of the
other Army.

Luc. My Lord, your gen'rous orders were obey'd,
And see the just success: this worthy Tribune,
Won by your mercy to those other Soldiers,
Is come to join us with a valiant band,
Vowing they never will be foes to *Brutus*.

Offic. Such virtue needs no Army to support it;
It vanquishes beyond the reach of force,
And makes our very minds yield due submission.

Brut. Submission only should be paid to Heav'n,
And I must blush to hear it from a *Roman*.
We scarce have in this little span of life
Sufficient time for exercise of virtue;
We should do ill to lose the least occasion.
Let all his Cohort charge with our chief legion.
Such a desertion is a timely service.

Offic. Your approbation is our highest aim;
And this day we'll deserve it.

Brut. 'Tis not doubted,
Your Country's freedom will excite your valour.
Let him have rank among our chief commanders.

Exit Officer with *Varius* & *Thinius*.

S C E.



SCENE II.

Manent Cassius and Brutus.

CASSIUS.

THE fight is well begun, most noble *Brutus*,
And may the rest be still so favourable.
That we may lengthen out our lives to age,
In all the peacefull joys of love and friendship.
But, since the chance of war is most uncertain,
'Tis wisdom to provide against the worst;
Which is, our parting, if we lose the Battle,
Never to meet again: in such a case
What is my dearest friend resolv'd to do?

Brut. I am, Alas, so weary of a world,
All full of faults and follies, I would leave it:
But that to me it seems a want of spirit
To shrink from life for fear of future ill.
'Tis to distrust the justice of the Gods,
Or else their pow'r; and is in my opinion,
Not courage, but a bold disguise for fear.
With patience arm'd I'll bear the blows of Fortune.

Cass. Then dearest *Brutus*, you can be content
To wear a chain; nay what is yet much worse
To see great *Rome* as much a slave as you?

Brut. Oh never, never come that fatal day!
The very sound offends. Oh you have nam'd
The only thing, ye Gods, I cannot bear.

When-

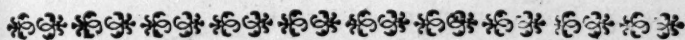
MARCUS BRUTUS. 245

Whene'er ye send that summons, 'tis my last;
And therefore, lest we ne'er should meet again,
Here let us take our everlasting leave.

Cass. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Brutus*?
After this famous day we shall be Victors,
Or else, beyond the sense of being vanquish'd.

Brut. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Cassius*?
'Twill be with pleasure if we meet hereafter,
If not, this parting is our greatest pain.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



SCENE III.

*Just as Cassius is going off, enter Titinius
hastily, and stops him.*

TITIANUS.

THe Army of *Marc Antony* appears,
Fearless, and forward to attempt your Camp.

Cass. Sure 'tis impossible: tho' brave to rashness,
He is a Soldier of too great experience;
I cannot hope for such a fault in him.
'Tis safer to bestride the angry Ocean,
Than offer to assault a *Roman* Camp.
We'll soon correct this insolent *Antonius*,
And crush the bold attempt.

Exit Cassius.

A charge is sounded.

Re-enter *Cassius* with *Titinius*, *Pindarus*, and other
Officers.

Cass.

Cass. Their prosp'rous rashness terrifies our men,
 Who never fear'd before: I doubt all's lost;
 The liberty of *Rome* is gone for ever.
 I'll perish with it, or redeem the day.
Tiinius, oh make haste, fly tow'rd those troops;
 Discover quickly if they are our friends.

[*Exit Tiinius.*]

Go, *Pindarus*, get on the rising ground,
 (My sight thou know'st is short) and take a view
 Quite round the field.

Pindarus goes up the Hill, then calls to Cassius.

Pind. Hoa, my good Lord!

Cass. What now?

Pind. *Tiinius* is seiz'd on by the foe.

Cassius goes also to view.

Cass. Oh he is taken, and they shout for joy.

Come down, come down;

Oh, I have liv'd to see my best friend lost!

And by my own procurement! *Pindarus*,

I took thee pris'ner once, and spar'd thy life;

All the return I ask, is, now take mine.

Pindarus turns away weeping.

I am thy General, and Master too;

Yet I have us'd thee as becomes a friend.

A friend will not deny my last request.

Kill me with this; with this I slew the Tyrant.

Cassius presents him his Dagger.

Pind. Is there necessity?

Cass. Thou see'st there is.

Dispatch it quickly, while I turn my face.

Pind. Then farewell worthy *Cassius*.

Pindarus kills himself.

Cass.

Cass. What, gone before me? did I need example?
Fos shame now *Cassius* do thy own last work;
Pindarus leads the honourable way.

[*Falls on his sword.*]

SCENE IV.

*Enter Titinius, meeting one of Cassius's
Officers just entring at the other door.*

TITINIUS.

Brutus with chearfull news greets Caius *Cassius*;
And, having broke the forces of *Octavius*,
Is hasting hither to relieve his friend.

Offic. Alas, he comes too late, see there lies
Cassius!

[*Enter Brutus with Officers.*]

Brut. Is *Cassius* on the ground? O my dear friend?

Runs to Cassius.

I came to fill thy ears with pleasing news;
But such a sight has turn'd my joy to grief.

Cass. What, has my feeble hand made me be taken?
Is *Cassius* to become the scorn of *Antony*?

*Rising a little, believing it to be
Antony.*

Brut. Rather the grief of ev'ry worthy Roman.
What cursed hand has slain my dearest friend?

Cass.

248 MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cass. What do I hear, and see? is *Brutus* there?
A pris'ner too?

Brut. The Gods forbid that, *Cassius*:
Look up, and see thy mournful friend victorious.

Cass. Have you then sav'd the liberty of *Rome*?
I ask no more, and dye with full content.
But yet I leave my *Junia* behind:
Oh still be tender of that best of women!
In being kind to her, remember me.

Dyes in his arms.

Brut. Remember thee? who can forget thy worth!
With a dead friend disputes are all forgot,
And what is tender takes up all the mind;
Grief only thinks on that which most promotes its
And oh, I long to give my sorrow vent.

Turns to his Officers.

But our dear Country now claims all my care.
Summon our Soldiers, that I may with praise
Keep up that spirit which has fir'd their souls.

Enter a confused multitude of soldiers.

Hail fellow soldiers, worthy of that cause,
For which you fight so well; your actions past
Urge you to more: be your own great example.
On far unequal terms these armies meet;
They fight, to make ambition tyranny,
And themselves slaves; their vict'ry is their ruin.
But if for this one day you can submit
To one who but commands you for your sakes;
Now proud to lead, while you are pleas'd to follow,
You ev'ry one shall be a conqueror,
And equal to your General, who seeks

No

No other Triumph but his Country's freedom.
End but that work, and then to foreign wars.
There's no man here but may by merit hope
To lead an Army, and have me his soldier.

Acclamations of Applause.

Let prodigal *Antonius* promise treasures,
Wrench'd from hard hands of wretched lab'ring
Swains,
Who lift them up to heav'n to call down vengeance.
I can out-bid him, spite of all his riches:
Hark to the pleasing sound! 'tis liberty!
That only nam'd I need to say no more.

Exeunt Soldiers shouting.

SCENE V.

A trumpet sounds mournfully.

B R U T U S.

Silence those dismal notes for *Cassius*' death;
There is no need of sounds to raise true sorrow;
And it will cheer the foe to hear us mourn.
Oh *Cassius*! what a loss art thou to Rome!

Stooping down to the dead body.

Trumpet sounds again mournfull,

Enter *Varius*.

Var. 'Tis with a trembling hand I shew these letters;
Your grief for *Cassius*, will alas, be lost:
Like Rivers in the Ocean, swallow'd up
In sadder news.

R

Brut.

Brut. Speak, is my *Portia* well?
 What, make no answer? then 'tis so indeed.
 In saying nothing, thou hast told me all.

Var. Here is the sad account.

Holds the letter to Brutus.

Brut. Oh, read it, read it.

[Var. reading] *Varius* I must unwillingly inform you
 That *Portia*, grieving for her Husband's absence,
 Had mourn'd her self into a raging fever;
 In which, because she fancy'd he was dead,
 She (none suspecting) swallow'd burning coals,
 So dy'd with mournfull clamours for her *Brutus*.

Brut. Enough, enough, o ye immortal Gods!
 I'll not complain of you, but of my self;
 For, sure I am the very worst of men,
 Since you think fit to make me the most wretched.
 How all my tears are on a sudden stop!
 Something I feel within that weighs me down;
 And I must sink.

Var. Good Sir be comforted.

Brut. Oh never, never.
 Had'st thou beheld her with my weeping eyes,
 When tenderly we took our latest leave;
 How her love pleaded, and her beauty mov'd;
 When, all dissolv'd in grief, her mournful looks
 She fix'd on mine! Oh, never talk of comfort.
 Comfort! dear *Portia*, if I ever seek it,
 May then ---- alas! I cannot curse my self,
 Heav'n knows, I am already so unhappy.

Enter Lucilius hastily.

Luc. The enemy once more is coming on,
Antony leads them out of *Cassius'* Camp,

And

MARCUS BRUTUS. 251

And gathers, as he goes, the large remains
Of the new routed Army of *Octavius*.

I'll do my best to stop them in their march.

Brut. *Antonius*, and his Army? Alas *Varius*;
What's that, or Victory it self to me?

Var. But yet our Country should not be forgotten.

Brut. Oh no: I'll bear about this heavy heart;
Yet, when I struggle most, it weighs me down.

Var. But where is, Sir, your wonted resolution?

Brut. Gone, *Varius*, gone for ever, with my
Portia.

Var. Then, farewell all the liberty of *Rome*!

Brut. The liberty of *Rome*? the thought of that
Has rous'd me up --- yet one sigh more for *Portia*,
Rome yet shall have my cares: but oh, my friend,
May this be the last battel among *Romans*!

It grieves my soul to see this civil slaughter.

Pain I would live to leave my Country free,

And with my dying eyes behold her prosper.

Else I have done too much; and *Cesar's* death,

Too sharp a Med'cine, if it does not cure.

'Twas cutting off a limb ev'n from my self,

And, oh, I now begin to feel the maim.

But 'tis too late, and we must now look forwards ---

Command our men to spread on both the wings,

Lest they encompass us with greater numbers:

The troops we rout ed of *Octavius*

Will hardly have the heart to rally more.

Exeunt.

*After they have sounded a Battel for
sometime, enter Lucilius and
another Officer.*

R 2

Luc.

252 MARCUS BRUTUS.

Luc. All's lost! Ambition triumphs over Virtue:

Offic. 'Tis not our fault, but Fate's: did we not charge

With fierceness fit to fight for all the world?

First all our darts we flung away despis'd,

Uncertain weapons of remoter war,

And rush'd on nearer with the surer sword;

As if each common soldier were a *Brutus*,

Rome at their hearts, and glory in their minds.

Luc. But what is valour, when so overmatch'd,

By elder Troops, and much superior numbers?

Yet no one yielded, while ten thousand dy'd;

Each' call'd for death as fast as e'er he fell,

And still by ill-tim'd pity was refus'd.

We only fought to dye, and they to save us:

Which *Brutus* then perceiving, left the field,

And fled not from their fury, but their mercy.

*Enter Ventidius with a Company
of Soldiers.*

Ven. Pursue them close, and on your lives spare
Brutus.

Luc. Stop then your chase, and lead me to *Antonius.*

I might have 'scap'd, but *Brutus* scorns to fly.

Sold. He is taken, he's taken.

*(They give a great shout, and carry
out Lucilius whom they suppose
to be Brutus.)*

Exeunt Omnes.

S C E



SCENE VI.

Enter Brutus and Titinius with some Officers.

BRUTUS.

YE worthy few, who with unusual faith
Quit not a friend whom Fortune has forsaken;
Rest your tir'd bodies on this bank a while:
Where like a shipwreck'd Merchant I appear
Gath'ring the dear remains of my lost fortunes.

Offic. Oh, who can judge the Councils of the
Gods?

[*They all sit down.*

Behold the best of men is made a prey
To boundless wildness, and unjust ambition.

Brut. That wild ambition but too often prospers:
Yet sure the Gods know better far than we,
How to dispose the ruling of mankind.
If they will have, (which yet seems wondrous strange
Injustice to succeed, and virtue suffer;
Our part is only to submit with reverence.
'Tis time, 'tis time that *Rome* should be at rest.

1. *Offic.* Not for the world. (*He whispers each of them*

2. *Offic.* The mighty Gods forbid!

3. *Offic.* May my hand wither first!

1. *Offic.* What did he whisper?

R 3

3. *Offic.*

3. *Offic.* He earnestly intreated me to kill him.

1. *Offic.* He mov'd the same to me.

Tit. How is that noble soul o'erwhelm'd with anguish,

Not for his own, but for his Country's ruin!

Brut. Romans, for shame shew not such childish pity.

Think you I am so fond of painfull life,

[*He rises hastily.*

That my faint hand should tremble at my cure?

Why then refuse to do this last good office,

Which I, for want of friends must do my self.

Nay, if my life could yet but serve my Country

Tho' rack'd with griefs, the very hopes of that,

Would like strong cordials, force me to endure it.

But lawless Empire rules! what then remains

But death, or worse than death, ignoble bondage?

Which if my soul can ne'r submit to bear,

Pardon, good Heav'n, my not enduring life,

On such a hard condition! --- Sacred Virtue!

Thou Deity that all the good adore!

Why hast thou cast me off, and giv'n success

To thy own foes, and mine? I follow'd thee

Ev'n through the blood of *Cæsar*, whom I lov'd

And who lov'd me; ye Pow'ers immortal know

With what a heavy heart and troubled mind,

I help'd my Country by so harsh a means:

But I most gladly make thee this amends

[*Cæsar's ghost appears and vanishes*

Oh *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*! Therefore rest appeas'd;

I did not kill thee half so willingly.

(*Kills himself.*

Enter *Antony*, *Dolabella*, *Ventidius*, &c.

Ant.

MARCUS BRUTUS. 255

Ant. The blow is giv'n, and we are come too late

*A great shout of soldiers bringing in
Lucilius.*

Sold. Rewards, and triumph! we have brought
you *Brutus*.

Luc. No, *Antony*: the Gods forbid that *Brutus*
Should ever be a pris'ner! by assuming
His name, I here have stopp'd their hot pursuit.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*; but a worthy prize:
For ye have brought a friend, and not a foe.
Youth, I admire thy virtue; be to me,
As thou hast been to him who now lies there.

*Lucilius starts, sees the body of
Brutus and kneels down by it.*

Oh *Brutus*, I am robb'd of half my triumph:
To thy most gen'rous soul I ow'd my life,
And fain I would have taken kind revenge;
For, 'tis a debt, lies heavy on me now.
Rise, worthy *Roman*, do not mourn in vain.

(Lucilius rises.

Luc. Yield, all ye Heroes of immortal name,
Whose shining mischiefs only raise your fame.
If publick virtue well be understood,
Here lies the greatest man that e'er was good.

Dola. Yet the just Gods a righteous judgment send;
He lov'd his Country; but he kill'd his Friend.

F I N I S.



MUSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

